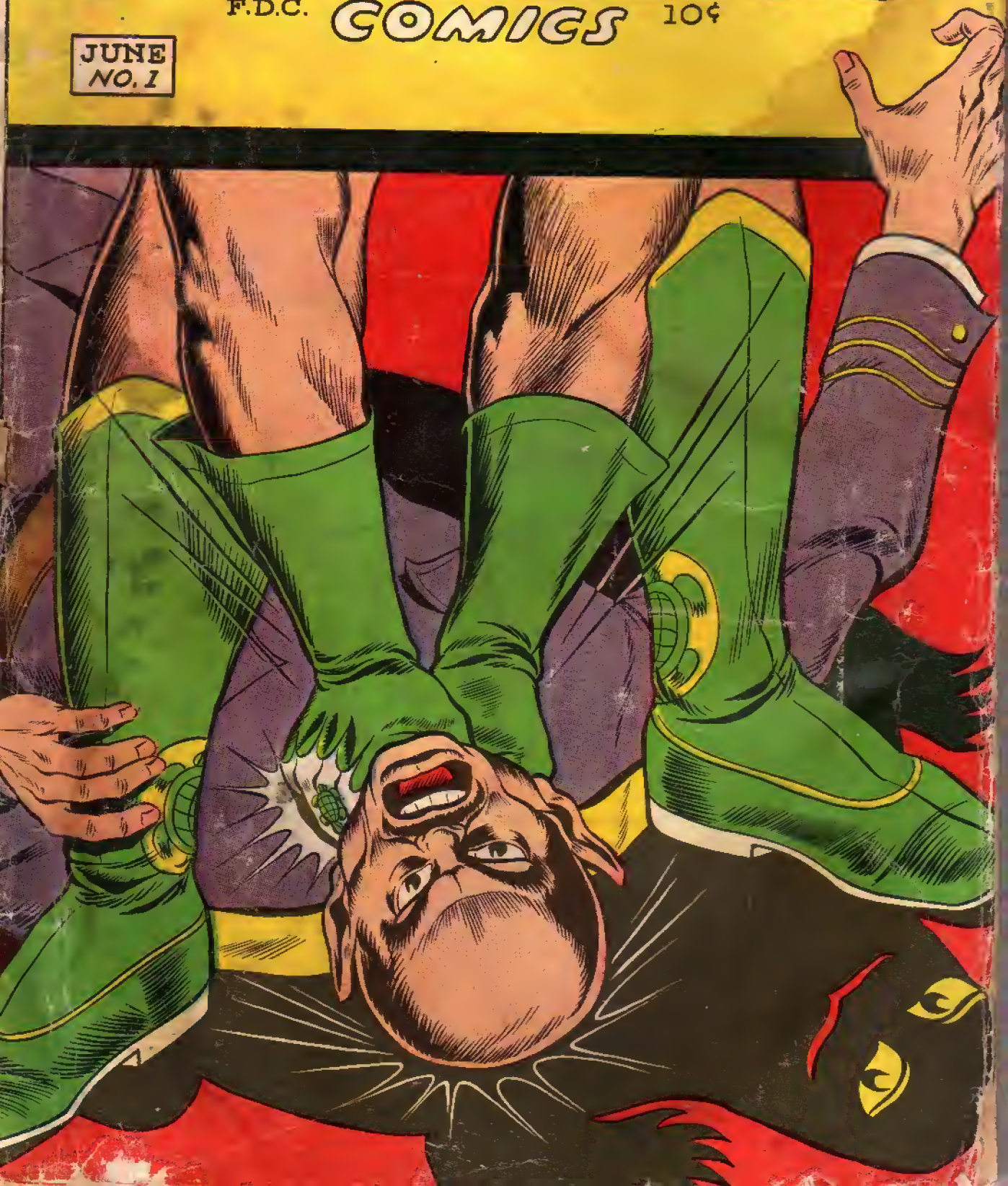


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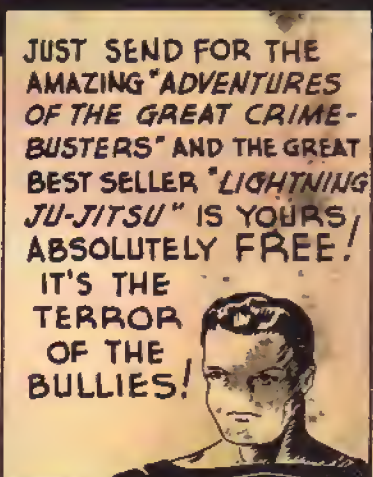




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HEY, FELLERS! YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN JIMMY FLATTEN THAT BIG CROOK WITH LIGHTNING JU-JITSU! IT'S DYNAMITE AGAINST BULLIES, TOO!

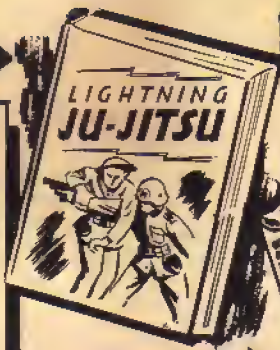


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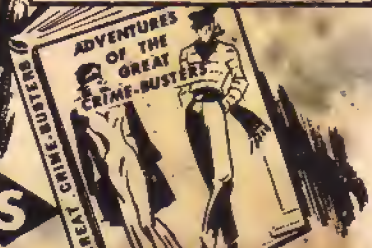
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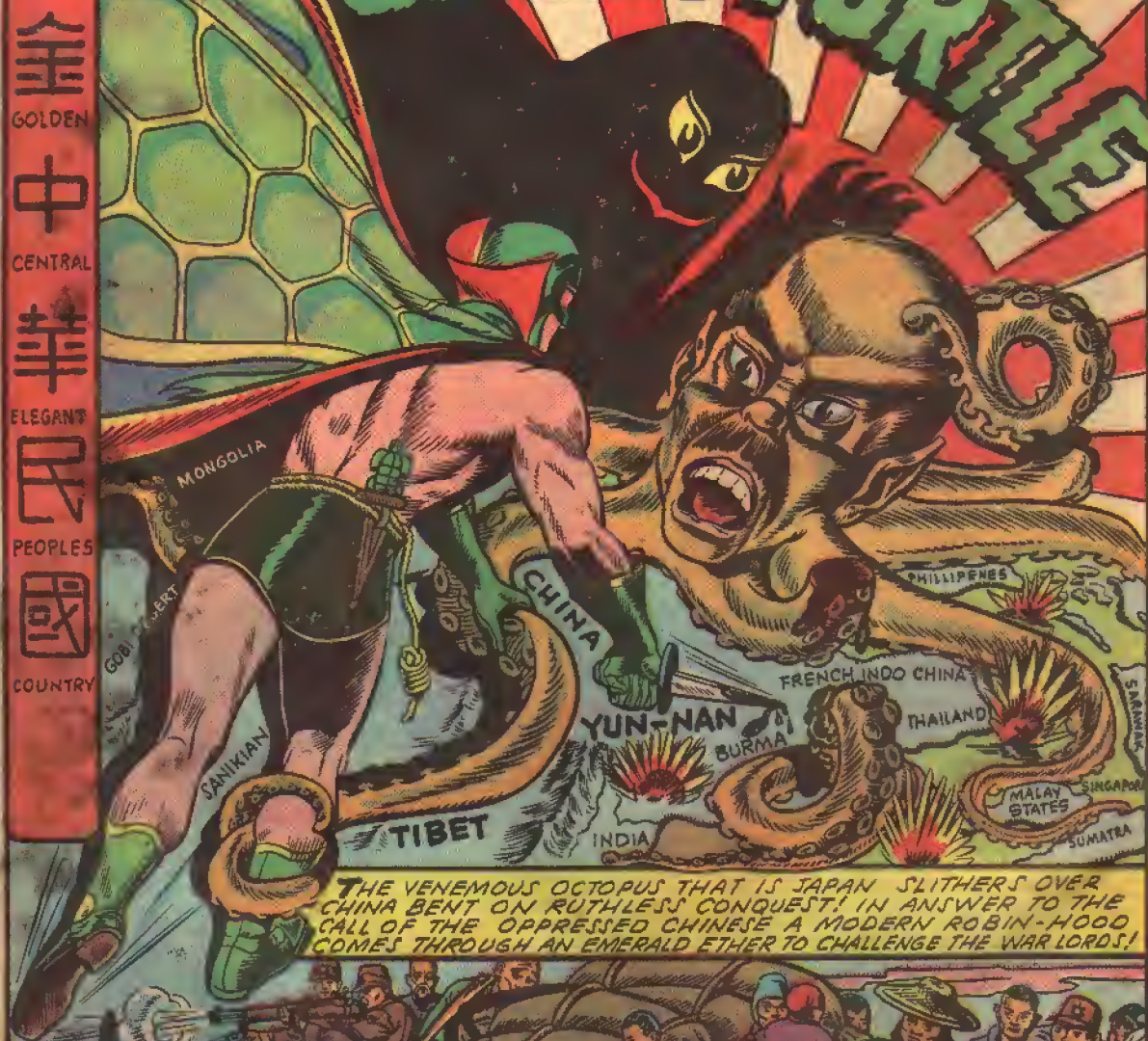
民

PEOPLES

國

COUNTRY

The GREEN TURTLE



THE VENEMOUS OCTOPUS THAT IS JAPAN SLITHERS OVER CHINA BENT ON RUTHLESS CONQUEST! IN ANSWER TO THE CALL OF THE OPPRESSED CHINESE A MODERN ROBIN-HOOD COMES THROUGH AN EMERALD ETHER TO CHALLENGE THE WAR LORDS!



IN THE PROVINCE OF YUN NAN, NEAR THE BURMESE BORDER, A LARGE JAPANESE FORCE ATTACKS THE SMALL CHINESE GARRISON PROTECTING THE TOWN OF LWANG-TO! THE TERRORIZED CIVILIANS EVACUATE AMIDST BURSTING SHELLS!

ONE LAD STANDS OUT AMONG THE INCREDIBLE CONFUSION OF REFUGEES -- A RUGGED CHINESE LAD ...

BUT, WAIT! IT IS ALREADY TOO LATE! THE ENEMY HAS ENTERED THE TOWN!

MOVE INTO LINE, OLD HAG! YOU, ALSO, BEGGAR BOY!

COME, OLD WOMAN, I WILL HELP YOU TO WALK -- MY LEGS ARE STRONG ENOUGH FOR TWO!

THANK YOU, BOY!

BOOM!
BOOM!

THEY ARE HERDING THE PEOPLE TOGETHER! DO NOT FEAR -- I WILL PROTECT YOU!

IT IS WISELY SAID, "DISCRETION IS THE BETTER PART OF VALOR!"

RIGHT ON THE HEELS OF HIS VICTORIOUS JAP TROOPS, THE MASTER BARBARIAN, COLONEL ISATO HUDNATU, ARRIVES ...

BAH! IS THIS THE ENEMY MY SOLDIERS CAPTURE? A SCORE OF WOMEN AND ONE RAGGED BOY?

SO SORRY, SIR... ALL MEN HAVE LONG SINCE FLED!

AND YOU WERE HELD OFF BY THE WOMEN? BAH-LIARS! BRING THE BOY FORWARD! PERHAPS HE KNOWS OF THE GREAT CACHE OF EXPLOSIVES HIDDEN IN THIS VILLAGE!

YES, COLONEL HUDNATU! BOY!

FORWARD! DID YOU NOT HEAR? WHERE ARE THE EXPLOSIVES HIDDEN? SPEAK!

PLEASE -- I DO NOT KNOW! I KNOW NOTHING... OHHHH!

HE WILL SOON TALK!

THINK FAST -- WHERE ARE THE EXPLOSIVES? YOU WILL TELL SOONER OR LATER -- SPEAK NOW AND SAVE YOURSELF!

I DO NOT KNOW AND IF I DID, I'D NEVER TELL!

A BEAUTIFUL CHINESE GIRL STEPS FORWARD TO STOP THE HORRIBLE BEATING ...

STOP-STOP! LEAVE HIM BE! HE SPEAKS TRULY! BUT -- I KNOW WHERE THE STORES ARE HIDDEN!

AHH -- WHO ARE YOU, PRETTY ONE? SHE IS RATING, COLONEL! THE DAUGHTER OF MO-TING, A MANDARIN PRINCE! HER FATHER IS GUILTY OF SENDING MUCH GOLD TO ENCHUNKING!



FROM HIS ROCKET PLANE,
THE GREEN TURTLE SEES
WHAT IS OCCURRING BELOW!



THERE IS
TROUBLE
BELOW!

TWO THOUSAND
BULLETS A MINUTE
FROM MY GUNS WILL
RID LWANG-TO OF
THE JAPANESE!



A FAST DIVE,
A TRICKY
MANEUVER, AND...

CAREFULLY, NOW -
SO I DON'T HIT
THE CIVILIANS,
TOO!



YAH!

AIEEEE! YAH-H!

THERE HAS LONG
BEEN A LEGEND OF
A GREEN TURTLE WHO
IS CHINA'S SAVIOR!

HE IS NO
LONGER A
LEGEND,
IT SEEMS!

HURRY, RA-TING --
HE HAS LANDED HIS
STRANGE PLANE! WE
MUST THANK HIM!

WAIT -- LOOK!
NOT ALL OF THE
ENEMY ARE
DEAD!

STOP THEM!
CAPTURE
THAT
MAN!

IT IS NO
USE! THEY
WILL SHOOT
US IF WE
MOVE!

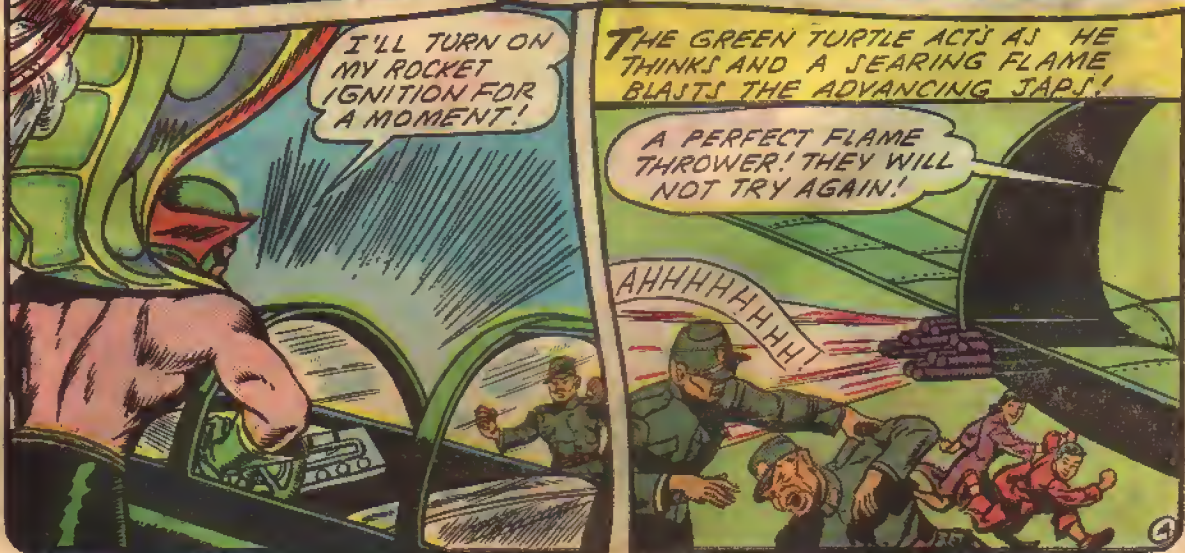
SO THE JAPS
WOULD TAKE
THE GREEN
TURTLE CAPTIVE?
WE WILL SEE!



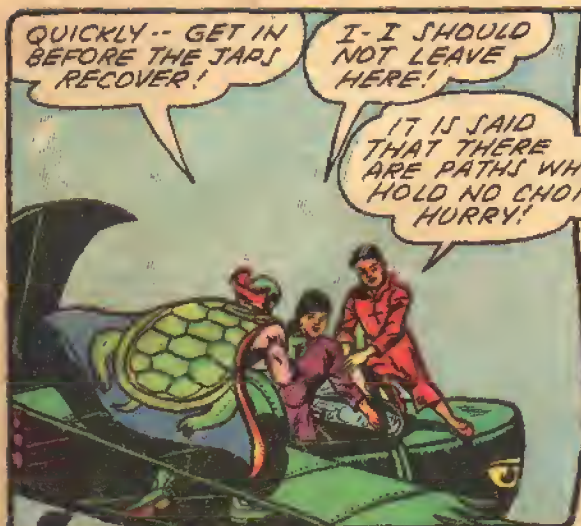
I'LL TURN ON
MY ROCKET
IGNITION FOR
A MOMENT!

THE GREEN TURTLE ACTS AS HE
THINKS AND A SEARING FLAME
BLASTS THE ADVANCING JAPS!

A PERFECT FLAME
THROWER! THEY WILL
NOT TRY AGAIN!



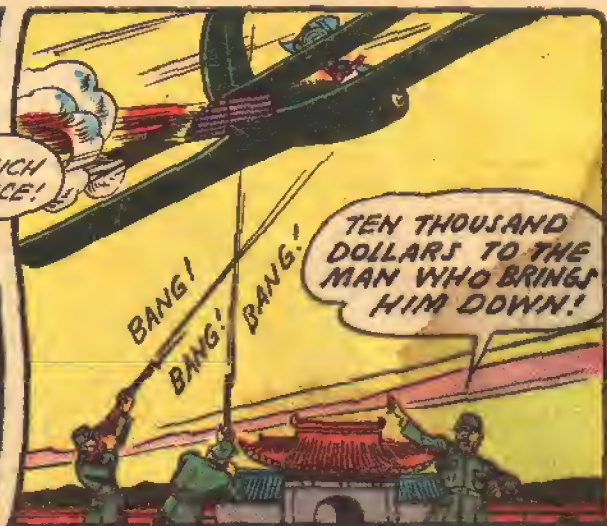
AHHHHHHH!



QUICKLY -- GET IN BEFORE THE JAPS RECOVER!

I-I SHOULD NOT LEAVE HERE!

IT IS SAID THAT THERE ARE PATHS WHICH HOLD NO CHOICE! HURRY!



BANG! BANG! BANG!

TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS TO THE MAN WHO BRINGS HIM DOWN!

HOWEVER, THE PUNY GUNS OF THE JAPANESE CANNOT HALT THE FLIGHT OF THE STRANGE PLANE!

LATER- IN THE TIBETAN MOUNTAINS.

THE PLANE ZOOMS INTO THE YAWNING HOLE AND COMES TO A HALT INSIDE THE TURTLE'S SHELL!

WHERE DO YOU TAKE US?

TO THE LAIR OF THE GREEN TURTLE, RA-TING!

FOR THE TIME BEING, THIS WILL BE YOUR HOME TOO!

GREEN TURTLE, ARE YOU TRULY A MYTH?

TAKE CARE-- WE'RE HEADING FOR THAT CAVE!

RIGHT - THAT IS MY HOME!

BOY' YOU ARE RUDE!

HA- DO I LOOK LIKE A MYTH? BUT, RA-TING, YOU WERE RELUCTANT TO COME HERE-- WHY?

I WAS AFRAID FOR THE LIFE OF MY FATHER! HE IS ALONE AT OUR HOME!

HOWEVER, I KNOW THAT I SHOULD HAVE BEEN NO HELP TO HIM BY REMAINING! YOU SEE, THE JAPANESE KNOW THAT HE HAS GOLD READY TO SEND TO CHIANG-KAI-SHEK -- THAT WAS THE REAL REASON THEY ATTACKED OUR TOWN!



THE JAPS WILL NOT KEEP THAT GOLD, RA-TING! NOW, THIS IS CHIN, MY ASSISTANT-- HE WILL CARE FOR YOU! I MUST LEAVE AT ONCE!

PLEASE, COULD I NOT GO WITH YOU-- I WISH TO FIGHT THE JAPANESE!

YOU MAY COME -- BUT TELL ME, WHY DO YOU HATE THE ENEMY?

I WISH TO DO AWAY WITH EVIL-- AND THEY ARE EVIL!

MINUTES LATER, CARRYING THE GREEN TURTLE AND THE LAD, THE ROCKET SHIP LEAVES ITS MOUNTAIN HOME!

BESIDES, THE ENEMY KILLED MY FATHER AS WE WORKED ON THE BURMA ROAD -- THEY KILLED MANY THAT DAY!

AND, BURMA BOY, HOW DO YOU SPEAK ENGLISH SO WELL?

I WENT TO AMERICAN MISSION SCHOOL-- LOOK, THERE IS MO-TINGU CASTLE HOME!

YES-- I SEE MANY PEOPLE MOVING AROUND -- WE MUST TAKE CARE NOW!

SILENTLY, THE GREEN TURTLE LANDS HIS PLANE A SHORT DISTANCE FROM THEIR OBJECTIVE.

IT LOOKED AS IF THERE WERE MANY OF THEM, TURTLE!

THE JAPS HAVE ALREADY REACHED MO-TINGU'S GOLD, IT WOULD SEEM!

YES- VERY MANY! PERHAPS I SHOULD NOT HAVE LET YOU COME-- THIS WILL BE DANGEROUS!

IT IS SAID, "DANGER IS NOTHING WITHOUT FEAR"!

WHAT IS THAT? SHOTS?!

BANG! BANG! BANG!

YES- WE HAVE WAITED TOO LONG TO SAVE MO-TING!

LOOK-- THERE IS COLONEL HUDNATU AGAIN! THAT JAP GETS AROUND IN A HURRY!

IT WOULD APPEAR THAT THEY HAVE ALREADY LOADED MO-TING'S GOLD INTO THEIR TRUCKS!

GREEN TURTLE AND BURMA BOY OVERHEAR--

TAKE THE GOLD AT ONCE TO LATU! I WILL FOLLOW IMMEDIATELY!

YES, COLONEL! BANZAI!



THEN, AS THE TRUCKS PULL OUT, ONE OF THE REMAINING JAPS SPOTS... THE GREEN TURTLE AND HIS YOUNG FRIEND!

BURMA BOY DODGES THE JAP BAYONET AND--

HO-- SOMEONE SPIES!

THE GREEN TURTLE!

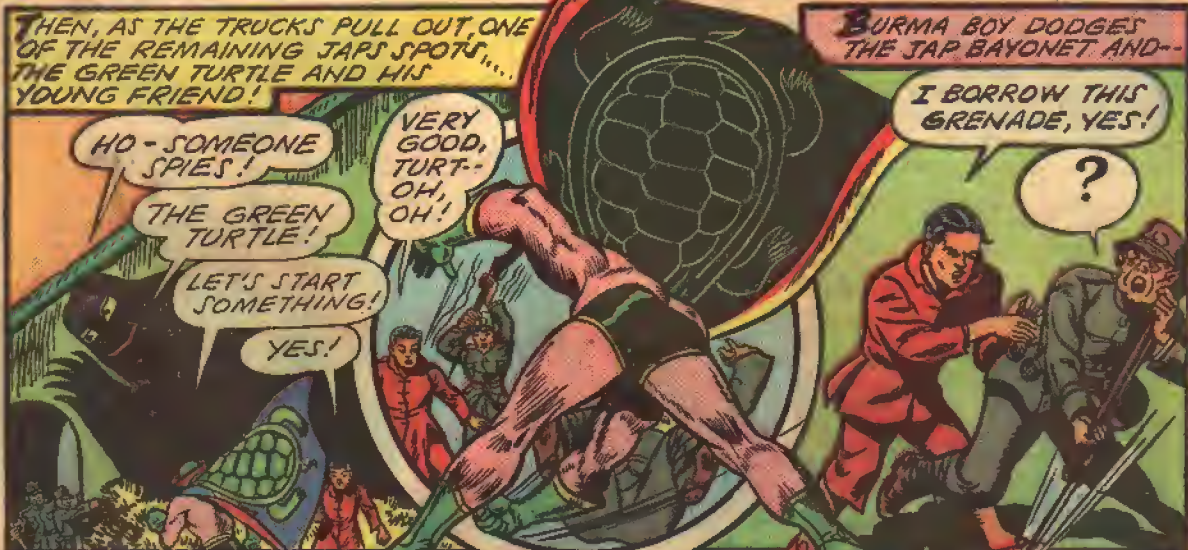
LET'S START SOMETHING!

YES!

VERY GOOD, TURT-- OH, OH!

I BORROW THIS GRENADE, YES!

?



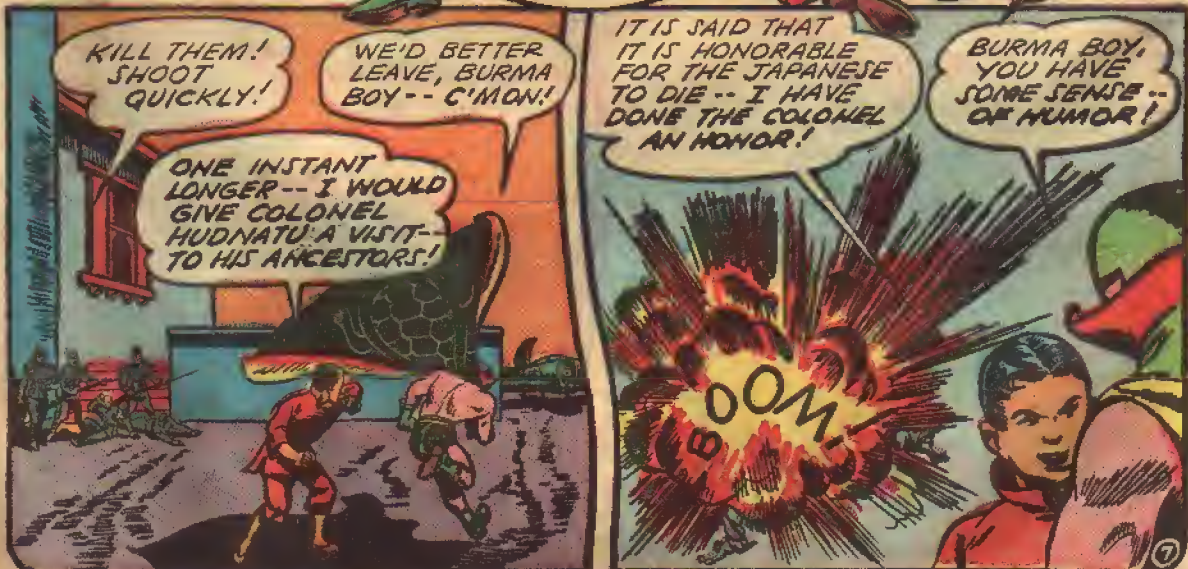
KILL THEM! SHOOT QUICKLY!

WE'D BETTER LEAVE, BURMA BOY-- C'MON!

ONE INSTANT LONGER-- I WOULD GIVE COLONEL HUDNATU A VISIT-- TO HIS ANCESTORS!

IT IS SAID THAT IT IS HONORABLE FOR THE JAPANESE TO DIE-- I HAVE DONE THE COLONEL AN HONOR!

BURMA BOY, YOU HAVE SOME SENSE-- OF HUMOR!



NOW, WE MUST HALT THAT TRUCK CONVOY AND RECOVER THE STOLEN GOLD!

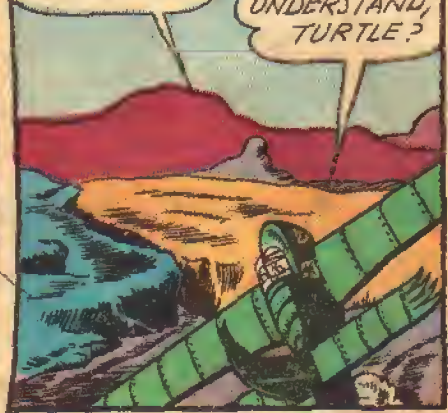
HOWEVER, THE NUMBERS ARE EVEN GREATER AGAINST US-- HOW CAN WE--?

SEE BELOW -- THAT FORK IN THE ROAD AND THAT MOUNTAIN CLIFF? WATCH CLOSELY!

I DO NOT UNDERSTAND, TURTLE?

PERHAPS I CAN DO MORE HONOR TO MORE JAPS, YES?

I HAVE A PLAN!



TURTLE DIVES LOW THEN GOES INTO A STEEP VERTICAL CLIMB AND THE BACKFLASH OF HIS ROCKETS CREATES A LANDSLIDE --

THE GREEN TURTLE LANDS AT THE FORK AND --

FURTHER DOWN THE ROAD -- MILES AHEAD OF THE JAP CONVOY --

I UNDERSTAND NOW! THE ROAD IS BLOCKED!

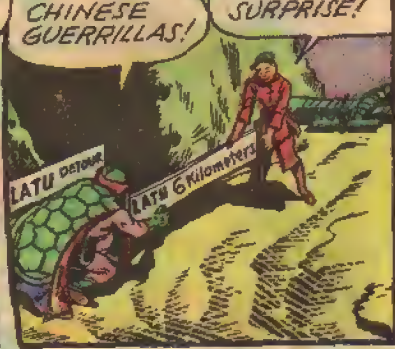
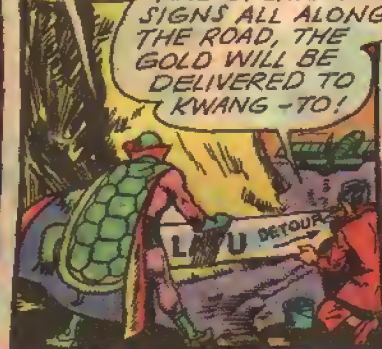
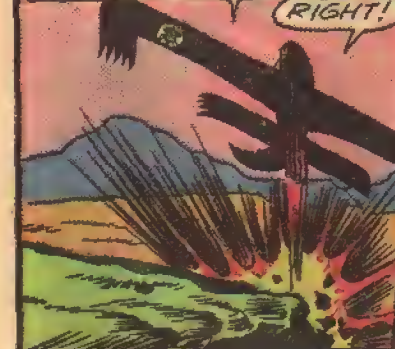
RIGHT!

GOOD--THIS DETOUR SIGN WILL FORCE THEM TO TAKE THE OTHER ROAD!

AND BY CHANGING SIGNS ALL ALONG THE ROAD, THE GOLD WILL BE DELIVERED TO KWANG-TO!

THERE-- THAT'S THE LAST ONE! NOW, WE WILL GET THE CHINESE GUERRILLAS!

HONORABLE NIPS WILL GET VERY HONORABLE SURPRISE!



MEANWHILE, WITH THE JAPANESE TRUCKS --

HA! HA! COMMANDER HUDNATU HAS PULLED VERY FAST TRICK ON CHINESE -- IS MUCH GOLD HERE!

AND WE PULL FAST ONE ON HUDNATU! EACH MAN HAS GOLD BAR FOR HIMSELF NOW! HA! HA!



THE CONVOY REACHES THE FIRST ROAD BLOCK--

SO -- KORO-SU!

LOOK-- AVALANCHE HAS CLOSED ROAD TO LATU! WE MUST TAKE DETOUR!

BUT, IT IS NOT AVALANCHE - IT IS OUR BOMBERS WHICH CLOSE ROAD!



THIRTY SIX MILES FARTHER
ON --

THIS MUST
BE LATU!

IMPOSSIBLE --
THERE ARE
NO JAP TROOPS!
IT ISS TOO
QUIET!

SUDDENLY...

AIEEE! ISS
CHINESE GUERRILLA
TRAP!

AS THE JAPS REALIZE THE
TRICK, A GREEN-MANTLED
FIGURE SWINGS FORWARD --

BACK TO THE
TRUCKS! WE
ARE ATTACKED!

THIS TIME
YOU BOYS
WON'T GET
A CHANCE
TO RUN
AWAY!

SEE WHAT I
MEAN? STAY AND
SURRENDER!

SHORTLY --
ALL RIGHT -- COME
ON OUT! THE ENEMY
IS WIPED OUT!

IT IS OFTEN
SAID: IT PAYS
TO BE GOOD!

YES, THE GOLD
WILL BE SAFELY
DELIVERED TO
CHUNKING AT
ONCE!

ONCE AGAIN, THE SWIFT
HISS OF THE ROCKETS
ANNOUNCE THE DEPARTURE
OF GREEN TURTLE'S PLANE!

GREEN TURTLE --
WHO ARE YOU?
I MEAN,
REALLY?

WAIT
UNTIL WE
REACH THE
TURTLE
SHELL!

SHORTLY, THE PLANE ENTERS ITS
MOUNTAIN HOME WHERE THE TWO
ADVENTURERS ARE GREETED BY RA-TING!

RA-TING --
YOUR
FATHER...

I HAD GUESSED... HE
TOO HAS DIED, LIKE
MANY OTHERS, FOR A
GREAT CAUSE!

RA-TING -- THE
GREEN TURTLE
PROMISED TO
TELL US WHO
HE REALLY
IS!

WHAT WILL
**GREEN
TURTLE**
TELL HIS NEW
FRIENDS OF
HIMSELF IN THE
NEXT ISSUE OF
**BLAZING
COMICS?**

Tommy Paige

TOMMY PAIGE, MARINE CORRESPONDENT, STARTS OUT WITH HIS COMBAT UNIT, TO COVER AN INVASION STORY — BUT, TOMMY IS TOO MUCH AN AMERICAN TO STAND IDLY BY WHILE HIS BUDDIES DO THE FIGHTING! IT ISN'T LONG BEFORE HE SHOWS THE JAPS WHAT IS MEANT BY "THE POWER OF THE PRESS" — IN A MANNER OF SPEAKING, THAT IS!



**ATTENTION, MEN!
PREPARE FOR
LANDING!**

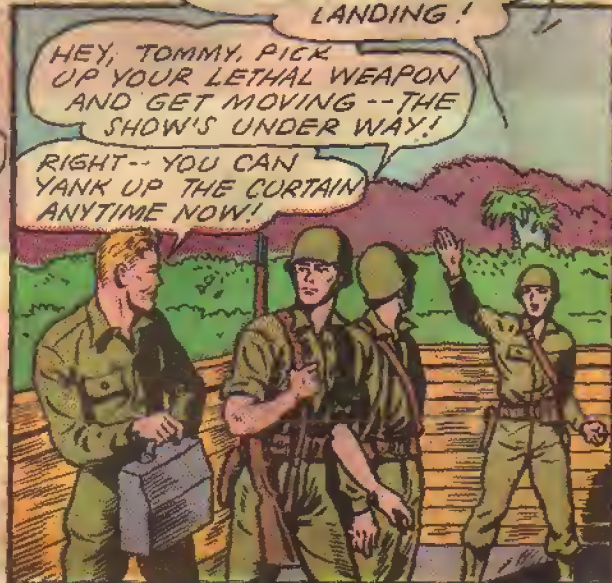
**WELL, BOB, THIS IS
IT! FEEL NERVOUS?**

**NERVOUS?! HUH!
NOT WITH TOMMY
SITTING AT THAT
TYPEWRITER WRITING
ABOUT HOW TOUGH
WE ARE-- I WOULDN'T
DO THAT TO HIM!**



**HEY, TOMMY, PICK
UP YOUR LETHAL WEAPON
AND GET MOVING --THE
SHOW'S UNDER WAY!**

**RIGHT-- YOU CAN
YANK UP THE CURTAIN
ANYTIME NOW!**



MOMENTS LATER THE LEATHERNECKS ADVANCE SHOREWARD!

HEY, TOMMY, YOU BETTER GET BACK A BIT -- THIS WON'T BE EASY!

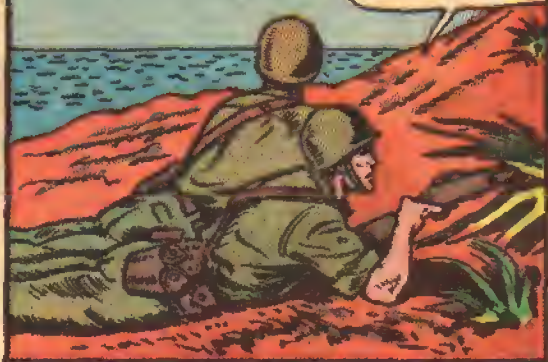
THANKS, BUT DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME-- I'VE GOT A STORY TO WRITE!



AS THE MEN DIG IN...

JAP BOMBERS COMING OVER!

FORGET 'EM AND KEEP YOUR EYES PEELED FOR SNIPERS!



THE MITSUBISHI RELEASE THEIR LOADS WITH DEADLY EFFECT TO THE MARINES!



THOSE BUMS KNOCKED OFF SOME OF OUR HEAVY WEAPON SHIPS!

TOMMY! YOU BLASTED IDIOT-- GET DOWN!



THAT'S LESSON NUMBER ONE! JAP BULLETS HIT COMBAT CORRESPONDENTS THE SAME AS THEY GET US!

YOU BET! THANKS, PAL-- HEY, WHAT'S ALL THE NOISE?



IT'S THIS WAY, SHAKESPEARE --- THERE'S A JAP PILLBOX OVER THAT MOUND AND THEY KEEP IT UNTIL WE GET SOME MORTARS!

BUT-- THE JAPS BLASTED OUR SHIPS THAT HAD THE MORTARS-- UH, WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?



WE STAY HERE UNTIL SOMEONE GETS A BRIGHT IDEA, PAL!

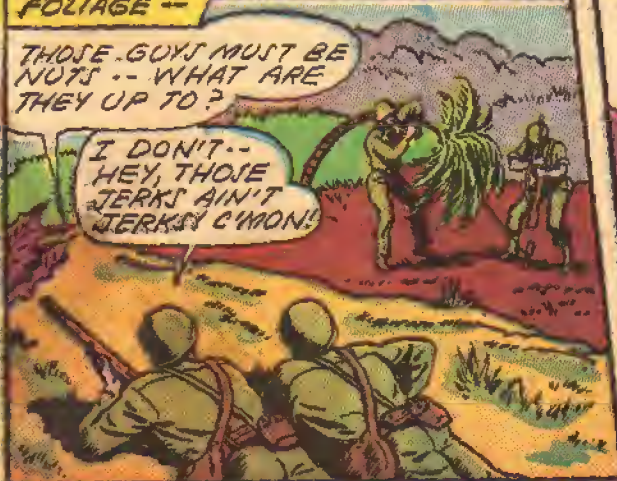
OKAY THEN, START MOVING! I'VE GOT ONE! OVER TO THOSE PALMS-- QUICK!



SEVERAL MINUTES LATER, VEILED FROM ENEMY SNIPERS BY THE HEAVY FOLIAGE --

THOSE GUYS MUST BE NUTS -- WHAT ARE THEY UP TO?

I DON'T -- HEY, THOSE JERKS AIN'T JERKIN' C'MON!



IF WE CAN CONTROL THOSE FIRING PINS ALL RIGHT, TOMMY, THIS IS A SWELL IDEA! THE NIPS WON'T KNOW WHAT HIT 'EM WHEN THESE GRENADES GO FLYING INTO THEIR HIDEOUT!

EVEN IF THE GRENADES BACKFIRE, THEY'LL GET THAT PILLBOX, TOO!



IN A SPLIT SECOND, THE PALMS SPRING BACK INTO POSITION TO HURL THEIR LETHAL FRUITS DIRECTLY INTO THE TAP POSITION!

THE PINS ARE OUT- CUT 'EM LOOSE! QUICK!

YOU SAID IT!



WHEW!



TOMMY-- YOU'RE A GENIUS! THAT DID IT! GOSH, IF YOU GET ANY SMARTER, WE'LL PROMOTE YOU TO A MARINE!

UGH! HEY! C'MON-- WE'RE MOVING UP!

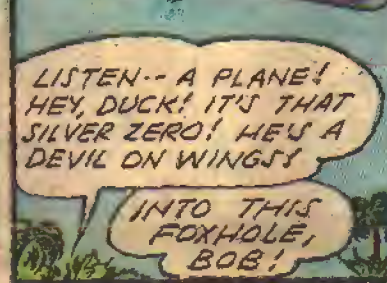


SUDDENLY-- OUT OF NOWHERE --



LISTEN-- A PLANE! HEY, DUCK! IT'S THAT SILVER ZERO! HE'S A DEVIL ON WINGS!

INTO THIS FOXHOLE, BOB!



DON'T LET HIM-- UGHH!

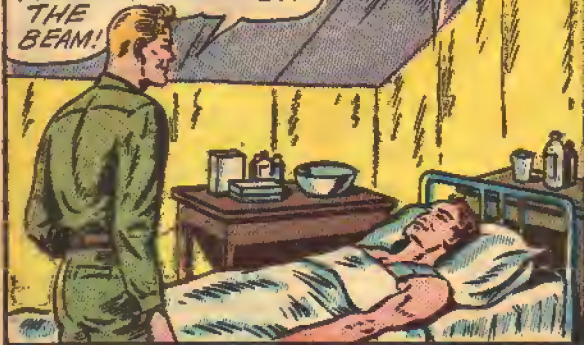
BOB! WHY, THAT DIRTY..



SEVERAL HOURS LATER IN A RED CROSS TENT . . .

THE ISLAND IS OURS, BOB, AND THOSE BIG, BEAUTIFUL B-17'S ARE COMING IN ON THE BEAM!

GUESS I STOPPED A SLUG OR TWO, EH? HOW'S THE SHOW GOING, TOMMY?



HEY, PAIGE, WE'RE TAKING OFF ON ANOTHER MISSION--WANT TO COME?

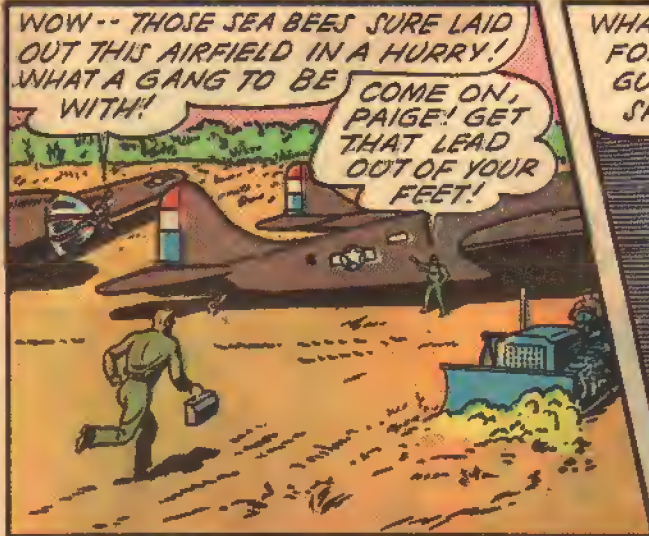
YOU BE --- UH, NO, NOT THIS TIME!

AW, STOW IT, YOU LUGS! G'WAN, TOMMY, I GUESS I CAN AFFORD TO MISS ONE FIGHT!



WOW--THOSE SEA BEES SURE LAID OUT THIS AIRFIELD IN A HURRY! WHAT A GANG TO BE WITH!

COME ON, PAIGE! GET THAT LEAD OUT OF YOUR FEET!



WHAT DO I NEED THIS FOR? I THOUGHT YOU GUYS DIDN'T GET SHOT DOWN?

WE DON'T! BUT LAND-LUBBERS SOMETIMES FALL OUT--IT'S PRETTY TOUGH RIDING WITH US, SEE?



TWENTY MINUTES LATER, OVER A STRONGLY DEFENDED JAP-HELD ISLAND...

WANT TO SEE WHAT DAMAGE WE DID, TOMMY? GO ON BACK!

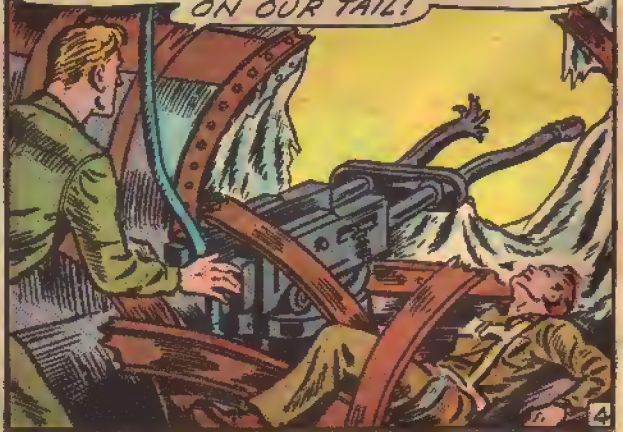
BOMBS AWAY!

SURE-IF I'M NOT FLAK-HAPPY!



BUT, AS TOMMY STAGGERS AFT--

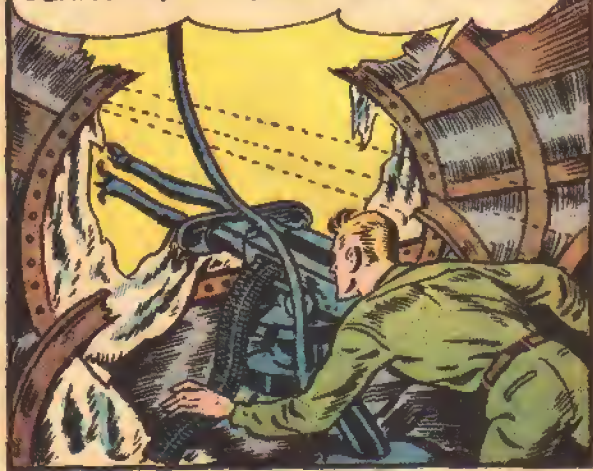
WHA--THOSE *Φ!\$B's. GOT THE TAIL GUNNER! AND LOOK AT THOSE GUNS! WOW! THEY LOOK LIKE CORKSCREWS! GOSH, WE'D BE DUCK SOUP FOR A JAP ON OUR TAIL!



LIKE A HAWK SWOOPING ON A YOUNG DEFENSELESS CHICKEN, TOMMY SEES THE SILVER ZERO ROARING IN ON THEIR TAIL!



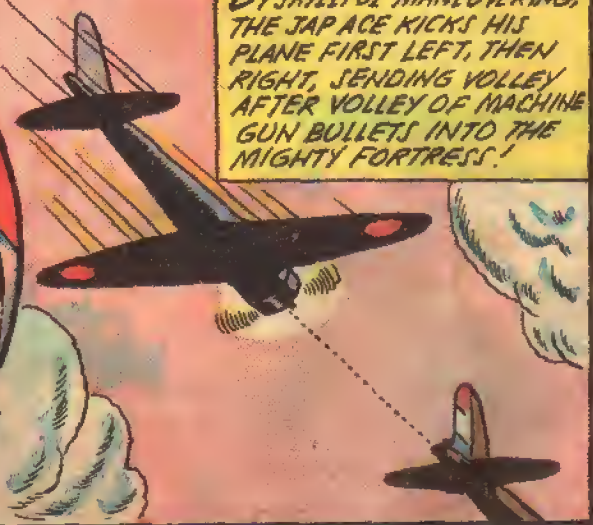
HOLY TOMATOES -- IT'S THE PRIDE OF TOKYO WITH BLOOD IN HIS SLANT EYES! WHAT CAN I DO?



AH-HA! FLYING FORT SOON BE FLAMING WRECK! IT HAS NO TAIL GUN - ISS GOOD! I SOON HAVE VICTIM NUMBER 26 AND TIE AMERICAN RECORD!



BY SKILLFUL MANEUVERING, THE JAP ACE KICKS HIS PLANE FIRST LEFT, THEN RIGHT, SENDING VOLLEY AFTER VOLLEY OF MACHINE GUN BULLETS INTO THE MIGHTY FORTRESS!



THAT BUZZARD IS GONNA GET US SOONER OR LATER - AND, IF SOMETHING ISN'T DONE, IT'LL BE SOONER! HEY - I'VE GOT A WILD IDEA!



I NEED THIS CHUTE AND A HEAVY OBJECT -- UH, OH! GUESS IT'LL HAVE TO BE MY TYPEWRITER! THIS HAD BETTER WORK!



MY WEAPON OF WAR -- I NEVER THOUGHT I'D MEAN IT! THERE, THAT'S TIGHT ENOUGH TO HOLD!

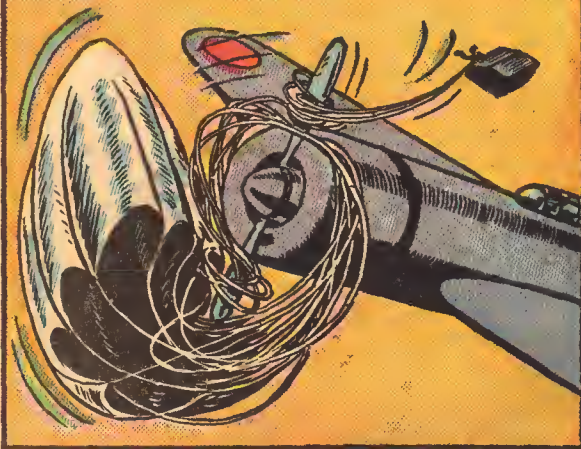


TIMING HIS NEXT MOVE CAREFULLY, TOMMY TOSSES THE OPENED CHUTE AND TYPEWRITER OUT THROUGH THE BLASTED TAIL OF THE FORTRESS!

WHAT OCCURS?
AMERICAN DOG JUMPS
FROM PLANE? NO!
AHH! NO --



THE JAP SWERVES IN A DESPERATE ATTEMPT TO AVOID TOMMY'S MAKESHIFT WEAPON BUT --



HEY, PAIGE -- WHO TOOK CARE
OF THAT ZERO THAT WAS
RIDING OUR TAIL?

OH, I JUST
'WROTE' HIM
OUT OF
EXISTENCE!



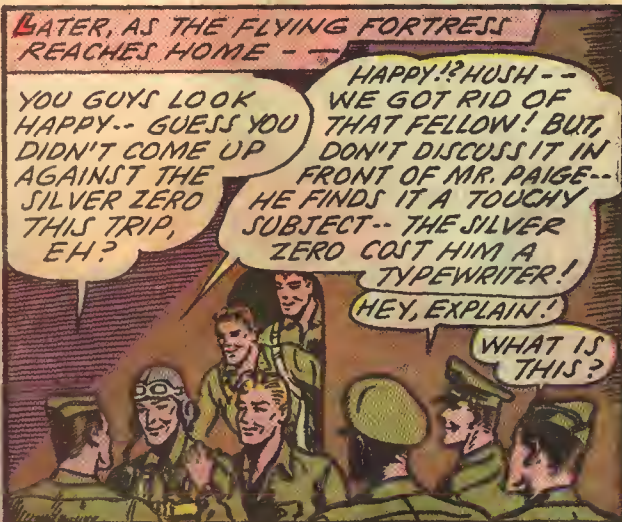
LATER, AS THE FLYING FORTRESS REACHES HOME --

YOU GUYS LOOK
HAPPY -- GUESS YOU
DIDN'T COME UP
AGAINST THE
SILVER ZERO
THIS TRIP,
EH?

HAPPY!? HUSH --
WE GOT RID OF
THAT FELLOW! BUT,
DON'T DISCUSS IT IN
FRONT OF MR. PAIGE --
HE FINDS IT A TOUCHY
SUBJECT -- THE SILVER
ZERO COST HIM A
TYPEWRITER!

HEY, EXPLAIN!

WHAT IS
THIS?



THE STORY GOES THE ROUNDS...

TOMMY, THERE'S NO MARINE
CORPS REGULATIONS PER-
MITTING US TO CREDIT
YOU WITH SHOOTING DOWN
AN ENEMY ACE WITH A
TYPEWRITER -- BUT THAT
DOESN'T STOP US FROM
THANKING YOU AND
OFFERING OUR
PERSONAL
CONGRATULATIONS!

IT WAS
A
PLEASURE,
SIR!



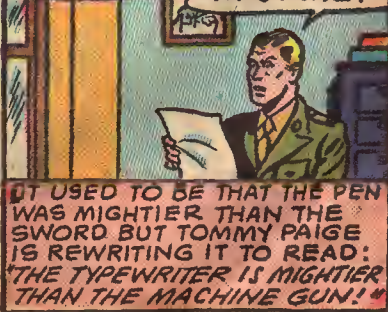
HI, BOB -- HEAR THE
NEWS? GOOD THING
YOU SENT ME
ALONG FOR THAT
RIDE!

WHAT I
CAN'T
UNDERSTAND
IS HOW YOU
HAD THE BRAINS
TO DO IT?
PERSONALLY,
I THINK YOU
WERE GETTING
READY TO
JUMP AND
THE OLD
TYPEWRITER
LEFT
WITHOUT
YOU!



ONE WEEK LATER -- AT A SUPPLY BASE IN THE STATES --

WHAT IN -- AN ORDER FOR
AMMUNITION SUPPLIES
AND THEY LIST ONE
TYPEWRITER BETWEEN
MACHINE GUNS AND
TRENCH MORTARS --
THERE MUST BE SOME
MISTAKE!



IT USED TO BE THAT THE PEN
WAS MIGHTIER THAN THE
SWORD BUT TOMMY PAIGE
IS REWRITING IT TO READ:
THE TYPEWRITER IS MIGHTIER
THAN THE MACHINE GUN!

BLACK Buccaneer



THE SCENE OPENS IN A FASHIONABLE ACADEMY IN VERSAILLES--



THAT WILL BE ALL FOR TODAY-- YOUR FORM IS MUCH BETTER!

THANKS TO YOU, M'SIEU!

AS THE LAST OF THE STUDENTS LEAVE--

THANK GOODNESS THAT'S ALL FOR TODAY! BEING A SPY'S BROTHER ISN'T AS EXCITING AS IT SOUNDS, IN FACT, BEING YOUR ASSISTANT IS HARD WORK, JEFF!

CHEER UP, RONNIE, SOMETHING'S BOUND TO BREAK SOON!



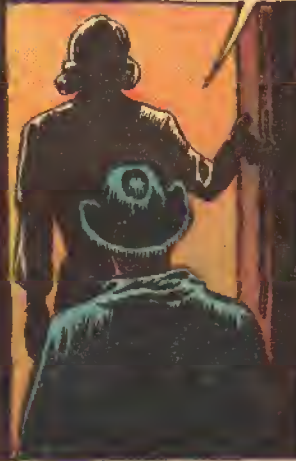
AT LEAST WE'VE PICKED UP A GOOD DEAL OF VALUABLE INFORMATION SINCE WE'VE BEEN HERE!

SSH---! JUST A SECOND! SOMEONE IS AT THE DOOR!



WHAT IS IT?

A MESSAGE FOR YOU, SIRE!



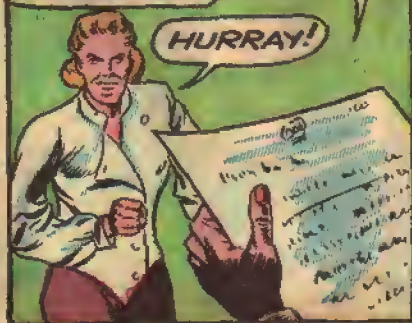
WHO IS IT FROM, JEFF?

A LETTER -- FROM ENGLAND!



IT LOOKS AS IF YOUR PRAYERS HAVE BEEN ANSWERED, RONNIE! WE'RE BEING RECALLED TO ENGLAND! WE CAN TAKE PASSAGE ON THE BOAT THAT LEAVES TONIGHT FROM LE HAVRE!

HURRAY!

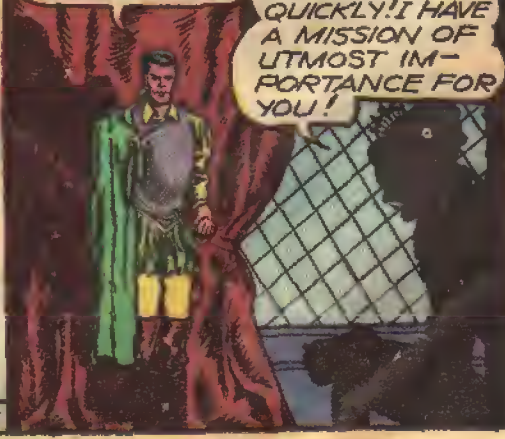


BY THE FOLLOWING DAY, THE SHIP HAS DOCKED IN ENGLAND---

--AND SCOTT GOES DIRECTLY TO THE QUEEN!

YOUR MAJESTY!

IT IS WELL THAT YOU CAME QUICKLY! I HAVE A MISSION OF UTMOST IMPORTANCE FOR YOU!



YOU ARE TO GO TO SPAIN IMMEDIATELY! THE RUMORS CONCERNING THE SPANISH ARMADA ARE GROWING MORE AND MORE NUMEROUS, AND I MUST HAVE AUTHENTIC INFORMATION! SIR CEDRIC WILL GIVE YOU YOUR PAPERS! YOU MUST LEAVE AT ONCE!



SIR CEDRIC-- I'LL PREPARE HIS PAPERS ALL RIGHT, BUT I'LL ALSO PREPARE SOME FOR THE SPANISH OFFICIALS!



MAKE SURE THAT THIS REACHE'S SPAIN BEFORE SCOTT DOES! HE'S EXTREMELY DANGEROUS TO OUR CAUSE!

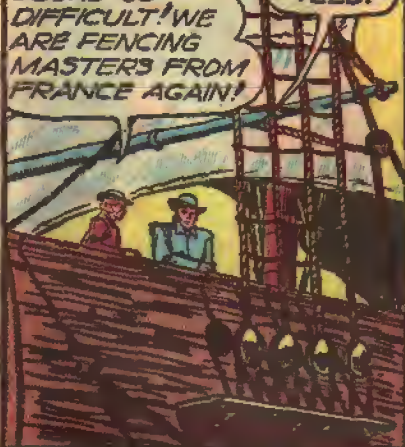
SI SEÑOR!



THE FOLLOWING DAY--

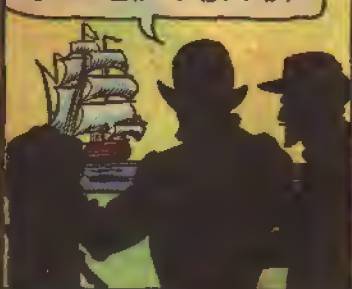
WELL, WE'RE ON OUR WAY! ALL IN ALL, IT DOESN'T SOUND SO DIFFICULT! WE ARE FENCING MASTERS FROM FRANCE AGAIN!

YOU CAN NEVER TELL!



-VERY TRUE, FOR WAITING AT THE DOCK ARE OFFICERS OF THE DREADED SPANISH INQUISITION!

THAT'S THEIR SHIP-HA! THEY WILL SOON LEARN THAT SPANISH ESPIONAGE IS EQUAL TO THEIR PLOTS!



SO, AS THE TWO BROTHERS DISEMBARK--

JEFFREY AND RONALD SCOTT-- CONSIDER YOURSELVES PRISONERS OF THE SPANISH CROWN!

BUT--

IT IS USELESS TO DENY THAT YOU ARE A SPY, SEÑOR--WE HAVE COMPLETE INFORMATION!



THEY ARE TAKEN IMMEDIATELY TO A DUNGEON!

IS THERE ANY REASON WHY WE MUST BE SEPARATED? LET US REMAIN TOGETHER!

THAT CANNOT BE, SEÑOR! OUR ORDERS SAY THAT HE IS TO BE PLACED IN ANOTHER CELL!



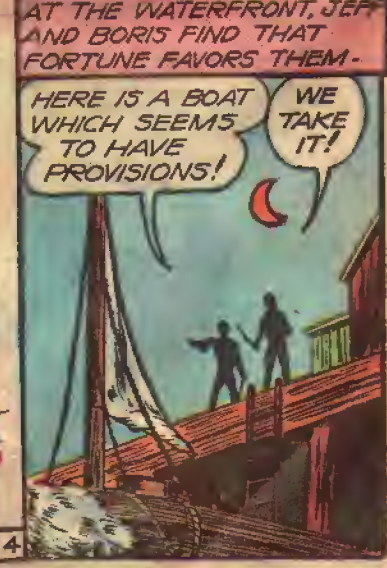
IN YOU GO!



JEFF FINDS HE HAS COMPANY IN HIS CELL ANYWAY!

WOT'S DIS?





JEFF AND BORIS ESCAPE FROM SPAIN WITHOUT INCIDENT BUT--

WE ARE AT SEA NOW A WEEK-HOW ARE THE SUPPLIES?

ALL OUT! LOOKS AS IF WE'RE DONE FOR!



THEN, THAT SAME AFTERNOON--

JEFF! LOOK-- A SHIP!

'HOPE IT ISN'T A SPANIARD!



AHOY! WHERE ARE YOU BOUND? FOR ENGLAND! COME ABOARD!



YOU CHAPS ARE ALL DONE IN-- BUT, YOU HAD NO VESSEL FOR A VOYAGE ON THE OPEN SEA!

IT'S A LONG STORY, CAPTAIN!

AND VERY INTERESTING!



DAYS LATER, JEFF REACHES ENGLAND AND PREPARES TO GO TO COURT--

YOU WAIT HERE, BORIS--I'M GOING TO THE QUEEN!

I WILL WAIT!



JEFF IS GRANTED AN IMMEDIATE AUDIENCE

SO YOU FAILED BEFORE YOU STARTED, EH?

I WAS INFORMED UPON, YOUR MAJESTY! THE SPANISH HAD KNOWLEDGE OF OUR PLANS!



THAT MEANS THERE IS A TRAITOR IN MY COURT--BAD! WELL, YOUR USEFULNESS AS AN ENGLISH AGENT IS NOW OVER, JEFFREY!

YOUR MAJESTY-- WILL YOU GIVE ME A SHIP?



A SHIP? YES--I WAS AT ONE TIME A CAPTAIN IN THE ROYAL NAVY--NOW WOULD BECOME A PRIVATEER FOR YOUR HIGHNESS! EACH SPANISH SHIP I SINK WILL BE ONE LESS FOR THE ARMADA AND I CAN SEARCH FOR MY BROTHER AT THE SAME TIME!



BESIDES, ENGLAND'S COFFERS COULD USE SOME SPANISH GOLD!

YOU'RE A ROGUE, SCOTT-- BUT YOU ARE RIGHT! YOU GET YOUR SHIP!



AS JEFF LEAVES
THE QUEEN----

WELL, THAT'S SETTLED
NOW.... WHO'S THAT?
SOMEONE LISTENING
TO OUR PLANS?



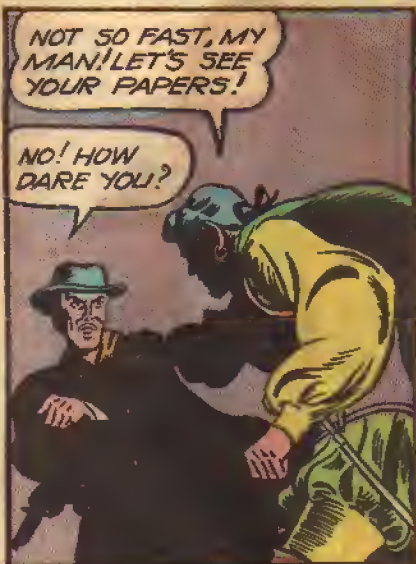
IF HE ISN'T A SUSPICIOUS
CHARACTER, I NEVER SAW
ONE-- HO, THERE! STOP!

BUT THE MAN STARTS TO RUN--



NOT SO FAST, MY
MAN! LET'S SEE
YOUR PAPERS!

NO! HOW
DARE YOU?



THROWING CAUTION TO
THE WINDS, JEFF
STRIKES OUT!



WHAT'S THIS? SPANISH
SEALS-- AND SIR CEDRIC
RAMSEY'S NAME!

AND FINDS THE SPANISH
SPY IS



SIR CEDRIC!

SO YOU FOUND OUT,
EH? NOW WOULD YOU
BE SO KIND AS TO
GIVE ME THOSE
PAPERS?



THERE'S ONLY ONE
WAY TO GET THEM,
TRAITOR!





SUDDENLY--

WHAT HAS
HAPPENED?



IT'S SIR CEDRIC, YOUR
MAJESTY! HE WAS
THE TRAITOR! HERE
IS DEFINITE PROOF
OF HIS GUILT!

THANK YOU,
CAPTAIN- YOU
HAVE REMOVED
A MENACE THAT
COULD HAVE
PROVED DANGEROUS-



---BOTH ENGLAND AND
I THANK YOU!



TO SHOW HER GRATITUDE,
THE QUEEN ORDERS
SCOTT'S SHIP TO BE
BUILT IMMEDIATELY...



DON'T BE SO
ANXIOUS, JEFF!
WE'LL BE OFF
IN PLENTY OF
TIME TO
FIND RONNIE!

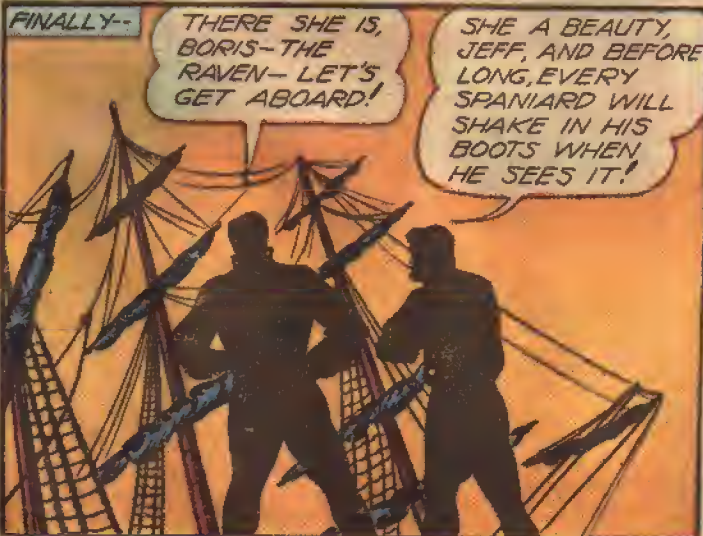
I'LL FIND
MY
BROTHER
IF I HAVE
TO ATTACK
EVERY
SPANIARD
ON THE SEA!



FINALLY--

THERE SHE IS,
BORIS-- THE
RAVEN-- LET'S
GET ABOARD!

SHE A BEAUTY,
JEFF, AND BEFORE
LONG, EVERY
SPANIARD WILL
SHAKE IN HIS
BOOTS WHEN
HE SEES IT!



THE BLACK BUCCANEER
WILL BE BACK IN
THE NEXT ISSUE
OF
BLAZING COMICS

WITH THE GOODS

THERE was a trickle of water in the gully, aftermath of the last rain. The wet of it through Tom's clothes brought him back to consciousness slowly. He stumbled to his feet, crawled up to the road and looked down upon the battered bulk of the big "horse" and trailer spilled over on its side. He remembered Denny Travis, who'd tried to bribe Tom. And Curt, who had openly resented Tom's promotion to "leader" in charge of the convoys.

On the other hand, there was Travis, a small, deft, businesslike little guy, who had wanted something. He had said, "I can use you. Tom. You could handle a little extra dough, taxes and living expenses what they are. This job won't last forever. If you salt enough away for a hunk of land somewhere—a farm, maybe a business or a store of your own—"

Resolutely Tom stopped there, remembering instead the unwinding road, the turn around which he'd wheeled fast.

There was no sign of the heavy beams across the roadbed now. The blunt nose of the truck had volleyed up into the air with the rend and snap of tearing steel. It had come down with a crash, had bucked again when the rear wheels hit. The middle had buckled and the big job had careened into the ditch.

THE door of the cottage was opened by Travis himself. He looked Tom over, nodded and stepped aside.

"Back, kid?" There was that friendly smile about his long lips. "Come in. Have a chair. I'll fix you something to drink." He led the way into the living-room, indicated a chair.

Tom ignored the indicated chair. "I don't drink, Travis. I'm here on business. You know about it, too. Tonight, out there on the highway, I was making a long haul back from Fort Condon. I was traveling fast and had an empty hitched onto the horse when it happened." He paused breathlessly.

"And?"

"I pulled around a curve. Someone had blocked it with timbers. The timbers busted the

front assembly and I hit the gully. Trying to throw some fear into me? Show me what'll happen if I don't . . . toe the line?"

"Okay, I said it. I meant it. You'd better play along!"

Briefly Tom hesitated, breathing deep, hard. Slowly he forced the words from his lips. "I know what you're thinking. I was born down across the tracks! I was . . . one of those kids! I got into a few pickles with the cops, but nothing serious. Then, there was my old man. You're thinking—" For a moment Tom's fists clenched, lips tightened. "Travis, you can't get away with this! You've got a case against me—could make it look bad. But I'm not giving you a chance!"

Travis' hand flicked a gun into view. "Okay, kid. Go ahead and try. The law'd never convict me for plugging you. You broke in, threatened—"

Resolutely Tom stepped back. It would be suicide—

"Get out!" Travis ordered harshly. "I don't know why I got you in on this. I thought I was doing you a favor, shoving a little extra your way. Beat it before I plug you and call the cops. And finish this my own way. Get out!"

In the dark and cold outside Tom moved down the path to the street, where he paused. Far down the block a figure was just hurrying around the corner. Tom couldn't see the face but he knew Curt Billings' broad shoulders.

Curt had followed him tonight—might even have overheard what Tom and Travis had said. If he had it would be just too bad, because Curt would make the most of his opportunities.

AUTOMATICALLY Tom checked the clip in the .45, then leaned inside the big "horse" and dropped it behind the seat. He didn't want that strapped on in plain sight. He stepped back, looking along the string of ten combinations lined up, all loaded with new parts and ready to roll on their way to Fort Condon. He had his shipping tickets on the seat inside.

Curt was back there, his freckles standing out

like rust spots against the white anger of his face. It was a wonder he hadn't sounded off to Captain Anderson.

Uneasily Tom waved a signal to let the others know it was time to go, then swung into the cab. The motor whined. He tried the air a couple of times to be sure the lines were fast, then got the big job rolling.

At noon they'd covered about half the haul, and the roadside station looked okay. The pumps were closed but a sign announced home-cooked dinners, vegetables and eggs.

It looked quiet, deserted. Half an hour later, fed and rested, the drivers headed for their jobs. Tom swung back into the cab. As he did so the door on the opposite side opened and someone swung in—a lean, thin-faced fellow. He cuddled a gun close to his side.

"Roll it." At the same time the newcomer deftly dipped Tom's weapon from beside the seat. "Well, what are you waiting for?"

Travis' trigger-men! Tom eased the air off, got the big "horse" and trailer rolling. "What's the gag?" he asked tensely.

"It's business, bud. Take the next turn to the right."

Tom eased the air on, and the big combination sighed. He glanced into the rear-view mirror. The guys back there would be wondering. . . .

What was he leading them into? Not that he had any choice. For all he knew, Travis might have a man with each of the drivers. The rest of the convoy swung in behind, and now the road pitched up a steep incline. It was low-gear work, took them over the crest and down into a valley beyond, across a wriggling bridge.

"Next turn," the man ordered. "Right. Swing wide."

Tom swung, hands sweaty, slippery. The big job came around slowly into a narrow lane, branches clawing at the cab and the trailer tarpaulin. They wheeled into a yard before a farmhouse, past it to a big barn. . . .

"Pull over to the side," the man ordered. "Follow me out. Don't try anything. It won't be healthy!"

The other combinations pulled into the yard, motors grumbling.

More of Travis' trigger-men waited in the big front room. Denny Travis was there, looking just as always—smooth, crafty, careful. His eyes swept the drivers before him, touched Tom's face. Travis said, "Okay. You guys are going to rest in the cellar. We'll take care of the loads from here on. Tom—"

Someone snarled, "Sold us short! I thought he was acting funny—"

Tom spun, panic grinding in his heart. He saw the drivers facing him accusingly, saw the anger on their sweating faces. Curt stepped abruptly forward, freckled face hard, unyielding. Tom said sharply, "This isn't my idea!" He whirled to Travis. "They'll think I engineered this!"

Stealthy stillness settled about the room. Someone shifted his weight and a board gave in protest. Curt came a step closer. He said, "I've thought all along there was something funny between you two." He hesitated, blue eyes staring hard at Travis. "I've seen you before somewhere!"

Travis' slow smile came into being. "Maybe we weren't introduced properly. But just to be on the safe side. . . ." His hand darted, appeared with a gun—

Instantly Tom hurled himself forward. Savagely he struck at the gun just as it exploded sharply. Travis stumbled back, face white with fury. He tore around and again the gun blasted and Tom faltered, pain ripping through his body as he felt his knees give. He hit the floor as another shot smashed into the rising turmoil of the room. Travis' sharp voice shouted, "Get that first wise guy! Get him!"

A sharp voice whipped through it all: "Lift 'em! High—"

New voices suddenly shouted orders, heavy footsteps were pouring in from the direction of the porch. A submachine gun spattered. Someone cried out. Again sharp, swift shots weaving a rhythmical pattern—

LATER Tom opened his eyes. Curt squatted beside him. His freckled face smoothed out with a slow grin as he said, "Just take it easy, guy. Everything's okay!"

"What—happened?"

"Not much." Curt hesitated, adding grimly, "I sure thought you were selling us short. That's why I had a load of M.P.'s along, instead of parts. Even after last night I wanted to be sure first. Captain Anderson arranged everything. The M.P.'s were out in my combination and when they heard the fireworks, they beat it in here pronto. They were just spoiling for a scrap!"

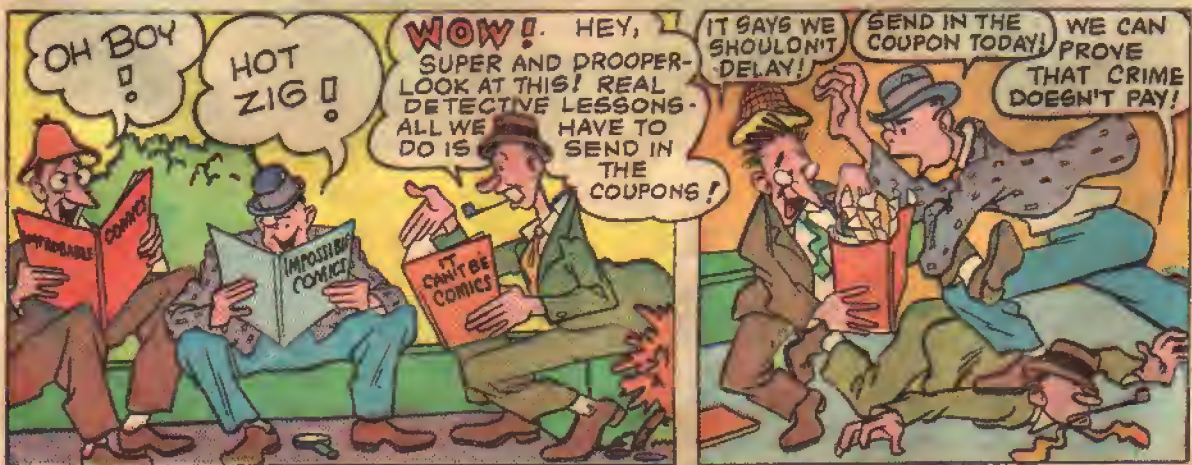
Tom drew a deep breath. "Travis tried to pin it on me."

"I know. But it didn't stay pinned!" Curt paused awkwardly. "I guess we can forget our differences. I'm not really sore about anything. Okay?"

"Okay," Tom admitted.

THE END

Super Drooper & Drip



SEVERAL DAYS LATER ...



LESSON
NUMBER ONE
IS -

LEARN TO RECOGNIZE
CRIMINAL TYPES!



BY STUDYING
PICTURES OF
WANTED
MEN!



THERE!
MAN WANTED!

BUT THERE'S NO PICTURE
OF HIM TO LOOK AT!

WE'LL HAVE TO TRY
SOME PLACE
ELSE!

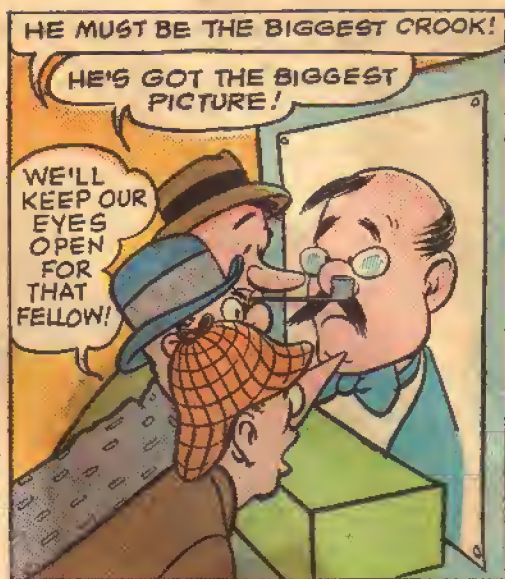
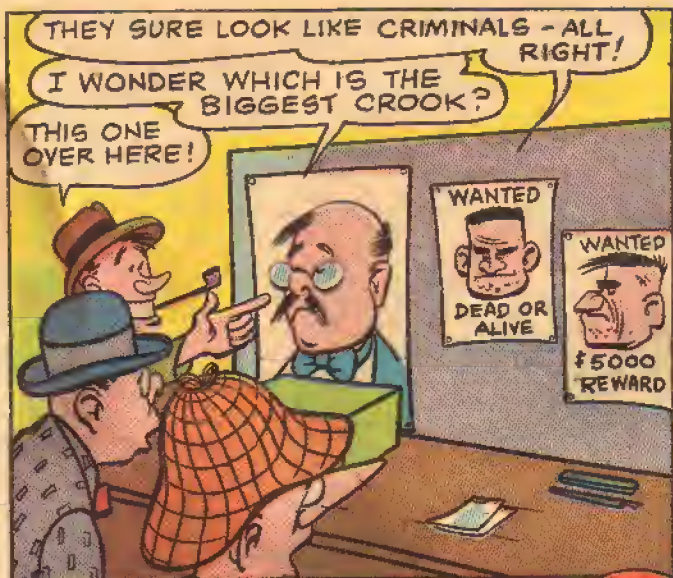


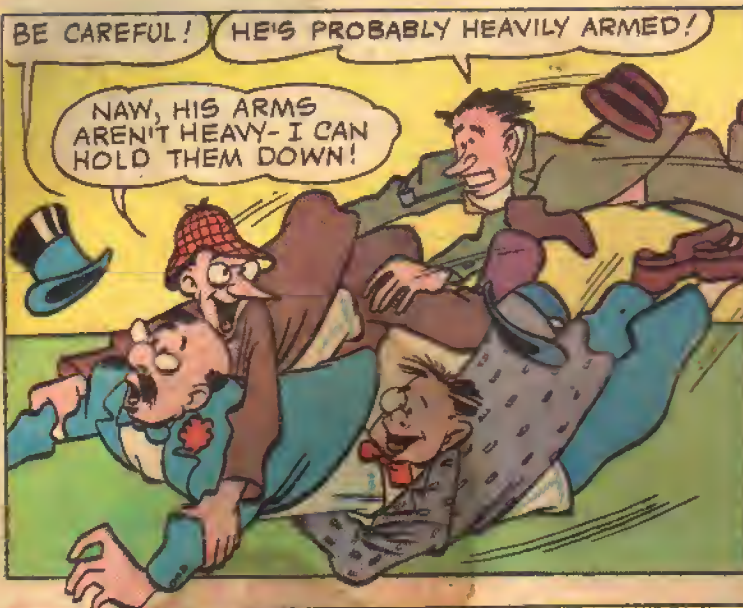
SEE - THERE THEY ARE!

THEY'RE PRACTICALLY
DOOMED ALREADY!

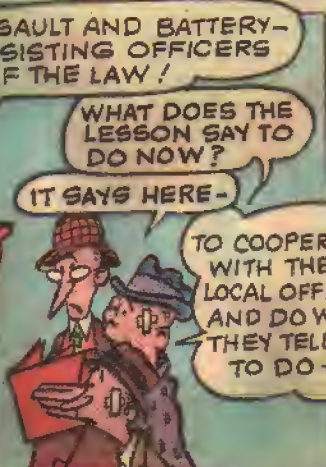
WE'LL BE HOT ON
THEIR TRAIL IN NO
TIME -!







THREE MINUTES
AND FIFTY-SIX AND
FIVE-TENTHS SECONDS
LATER ...



JUN-GAL



RISING FROM THE DARK RECESSES
 OF EQUATORIAL AFRICA IS A
 LEGEND OF **JUN-GAL**, WHITE
 GODDESS OF A NATIVE TRIBE,
 WHO GUARDS THE PIT OF
DEATH! BUT - IS IT
 LEGEND? OR, IS JUN-GAL
 A REAL PERSON? HOW
 DID SHE GET INTO
 AFRICA? WHAT IS THE
 PIT OF DEATH?

SCENE: AT THE HOME OF PROFESSOR
 TEAL IN THE SMALL VILLAGE OF
 KOLUMBI, AFRICA.

TIME: 1926

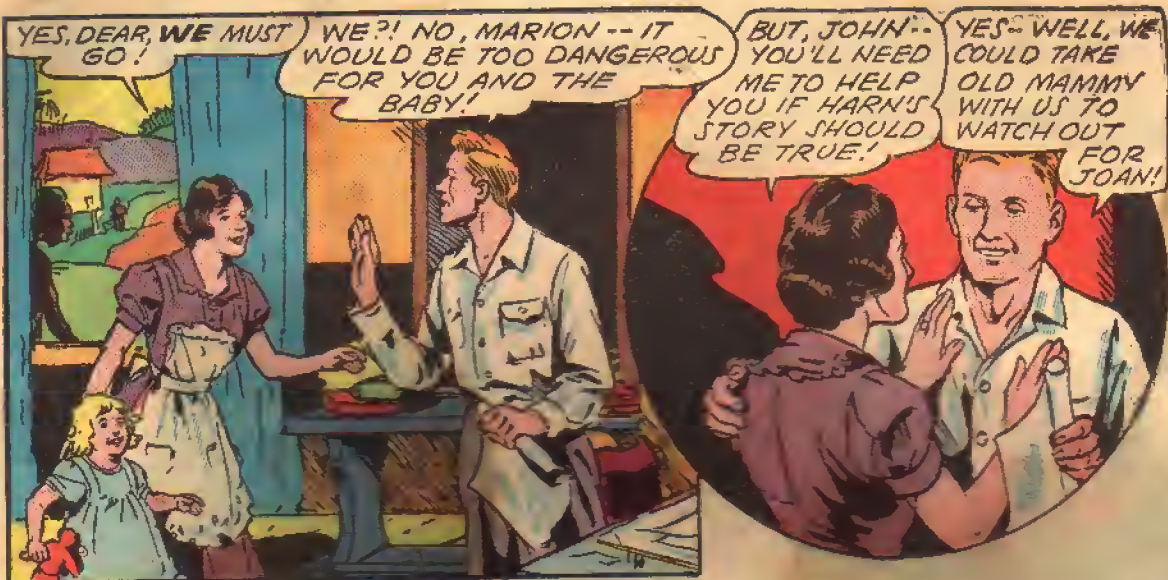
MARION, I BELIEVE
 WHAT HARNIS TOLD
 ME ABOUT THE
 RADIUM LODGE--LOOK
 AT THIS MAP!

JOHN--DO YOU
 THINK HE COULD
 HAVE FOUND
 SOMETHING?
 REALLY?

BUT, YES! YOU DO! I
 CAN SEE IT IN YOUR
 EYES!

MARION-- THINK OF
 WHAT THAT RADIUM
 WOULD MEAN TO THE
 WORLD! I'VE GOT
 TO GO IN
 SEARCH
 OF IT!





MONTHS LATER, THE SAFARI IS COMPLETED AND PROFESSOR TEAL'S PARTY STARTS INTO THE HEART OF AFRICA IN SEARCH OF RADIUM!



AFTER WEEKS OF HARD TRAVEL--

JOHN! THE ELECTRONOSCOPE! LOOK! IT REGISTERS!-- WE ARE NEAR OUR GOAL!



MAMMY, WE HAVE TO GO ON-- YOU STAY HERE WITH JOAN AND TAKE GOOD CARE OF HER!

YES 'M!



THIS DIAL IS JUMPING FEVERISHLY!

WE MUST BE ALMOST ON TOP OF THE RADIUM STORES, JOHN!



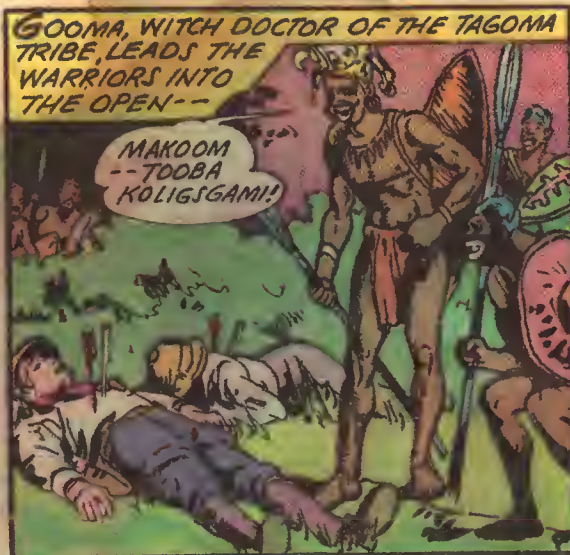
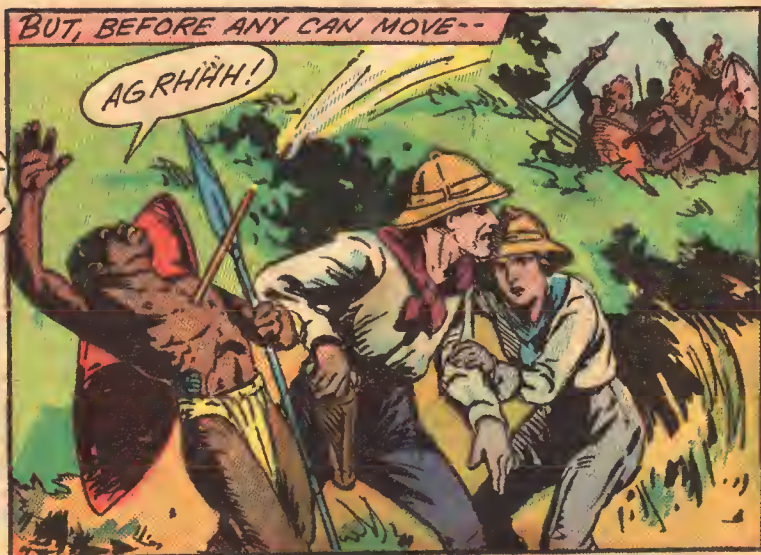
THEN--

JOHN-- IT'S WOMBI!

WOMBI, WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOUR BOYS?

THEY FEEL FUNNY -- ARE AFRAID! WE NO GO ON!





OH, LAWSY - - THEY COMIN' HERE! I MUS' GET DAT BABY AND SCAT!

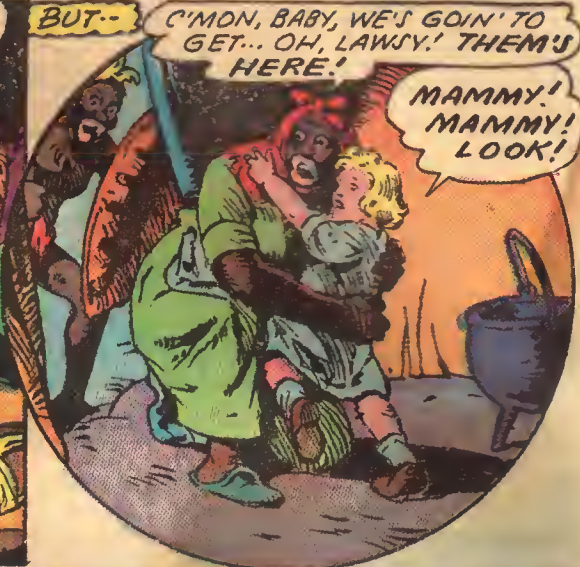
KOMBA-TAKANN!



BUT--

C'MON, BABY, WE'S GOIN' TO GET... OH, LAWSY! THEM'S HERE!

MAMMY! MAMMY! LOOK!



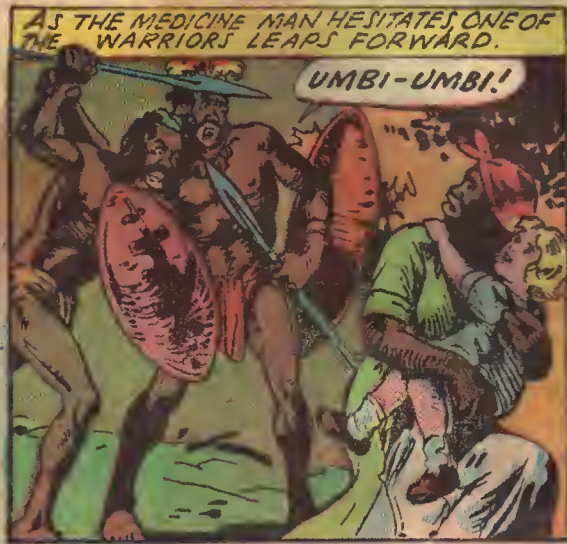
BRAVELY, THE OLD MAMMY CARRIES THE CHILD OUT OF THE TENT AND FACES THE FIERCE NATIVES!

DON' YO' GO TOUCHIN' THIS PORE LITTLE BABY, DOES YO' HEAR ME?



AS THE MEDICINE MAN HESITATES, ONE OF THE WARRIORS LEAPS FORWARD.

UMBI-UMBI!



I, GOOMAS, WILL TAKE CHILD WITH ME!

YOU, ARE PRIEST, GOOMAS! AS YOU SAY!

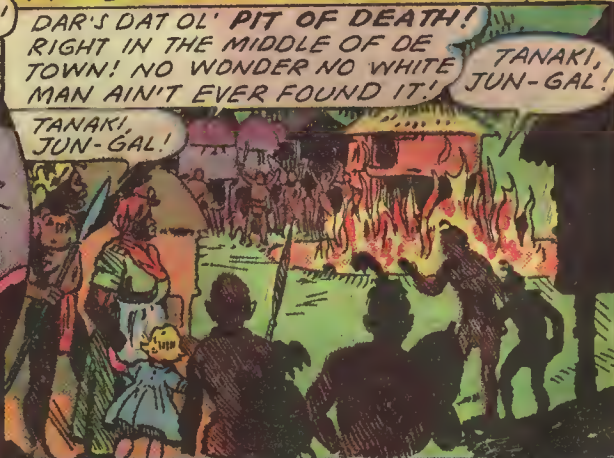


THE BLACK WOMAN AND THE LITTLE GIRL ARE BROUGHT TO THE NATIVE VILLAGE--

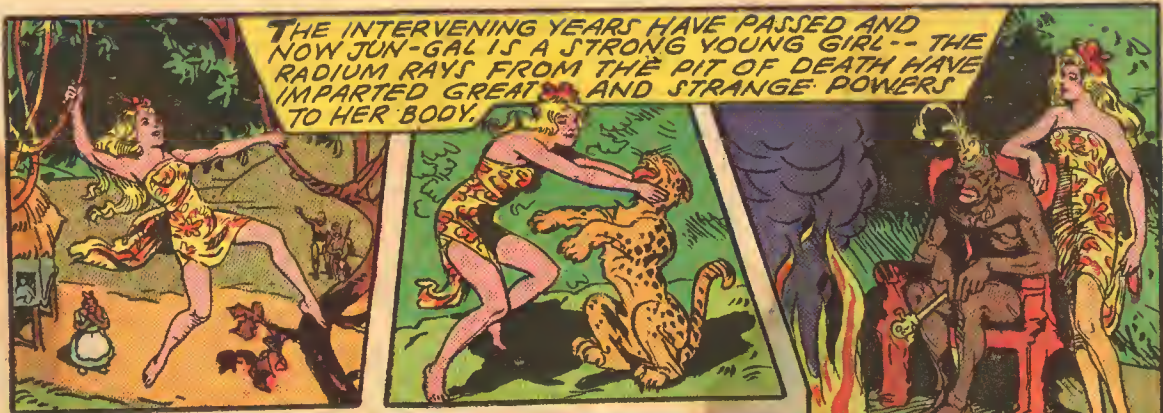
DAR'S DAT OL' PIT OF DEATH! RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF DE TOWN! NO WONDER NO WHITE MAN AIN'T EVER FOUND IT!

TANAKI, JUN-GAL!

TANAKI, JUN-GAL!



THUS, JOAN IS ADOPTED BY THE NATIVES AND RENAMED JUN-GAL!

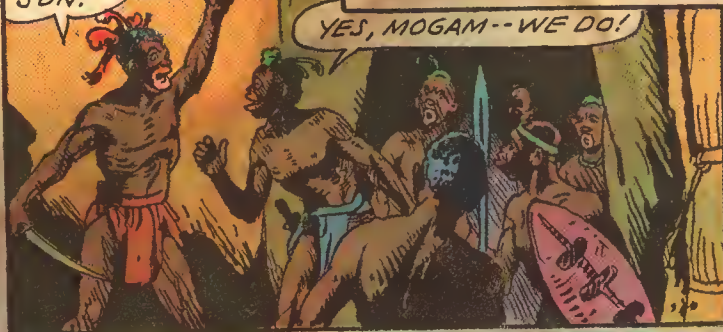


THEN, OLD GOOMA DIES AND JUN-GAL BECOMES GODDESS AND SUPREME RULER OF THE SAVAGE AFRICAN NATIVES.

BUT TREACHERY IS AFOOT!

JUN-GAL MUST DIE! I MOGAM, SHOULD LEAD THE TAGOMAS! I AM GOOMA'S SON!

YES, MOGAM--WE DO!



JUN-GAL WILL GO TO THE PIT OF DEATH-- TO THE HOLE OF THE EVER-LASTING FLAMES!

WE KILL JUN-GAL NOW-- SHE IS ALONE WITH THE USELESS OLD MAMMY!



YES, MOGAM! I AM RULER OF TAGOMAS TRIBE! JUN-GAL MUST DIE!

JUN-GAL MOVES WITH LIGHTNING SPEED AND GRACE! THE GODDESS HAS THE STRENGTH OF THE LION! SO YOU WOULD KILL ME, MOGAM? WATCH!

TANAKI JUN-GAL!

JUN-GAL-- TAKE CARE! IT'S MOGAM!

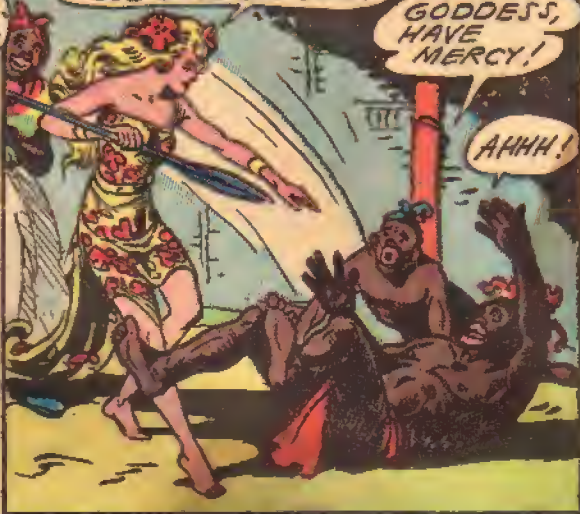


MOGAM, DESERTED BY HIS MEN, FACES JUN-GAL'S WRATH ALONE!
EVEN THE LION DIES WITH THE THRUST OF A SPEAR!



NOT IF HE BE QUICK, EVIL ONE!

GET OUT, MOGAM, BEFORE I USE THIS ON YOU!



GODDESS, HAVE MERCY!

AAAAH!

MOGAM FLEES IN TERROR!

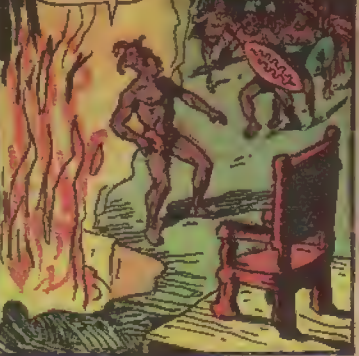
MOGAM TRY TO KILL JUN-GAL!

THE VILLAGERS ARE AFTER ME!



MOGAM IS TRAPPED AT THE PIT OF DEATH!

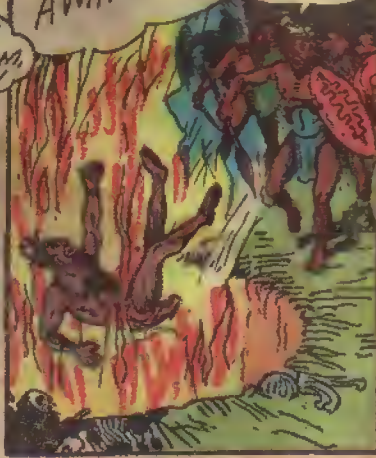
NO -- LET ME LIVE! I GO INTO THE JUNGLE!
NO!



DIE! MOGAM, DIE!

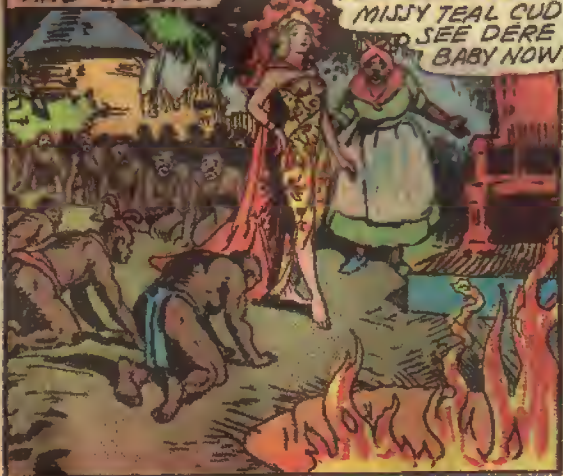
AWHRGHR!

TENAK! JUN-GAL!



LATER, JUN-GAL TAKES THE THRONE OF THE TAGOMAS ACCLAIMED AS THEIR GODDESS AND QUEEN!

OH, IF DER POOR PERFESSER AN' MISSY TEAL CUD SEE DERE BABY NOW!



TENAKI, MY PEOPLE! I PLEDGE YOU THAT I BRING GOOD TO THE TRIBE! IT SHALL BE THE CREED OF JUN-GAL TO FIGHT AND DESTROY ALL EVIL WHICH APPROACHES!



HOWEVER, EVEN AS THE CEREMONIAL DRUMS BEAT THROUGH THE JUNGLE, DANGER PRESSES CLOSE TO JUN-GAL AND THE TAGOMAS!



EVENIN', MR. REE!

ON YOUR WAY TO THE CANTEN, EH?

THAT'S RIGHT-- I THOUGHT I'D DROP IN TO SEE THE SHOW!

HUH-- I WAS HOPIN' THIS WOULD BE A QUIET NIGHT!

NOT IF MR. REE'S ANYWHERE AROUND!

YOU AIN'T KIDDIN', CASEY-- THAT GUY ATTRACTS TROUBLE!

CANTEN

OH, DARN -- I'VE MISSED MOST OF THE MAGIC ACT! THAT'S WHAT I CAME TO SEE!



I THANK YOU -- NOW, FOR MY NEXT TRICK I SHALL REQUIRE THE ASSISTANCE OF SOMEONE IN THE AUDIENCE -- ER...



AH, GENERAL WILDRICK! AS TONIGHT'S GUEST OF HONOR, PERHAPS YOU WOULD ... ?

I'D BE DELIGHTED!

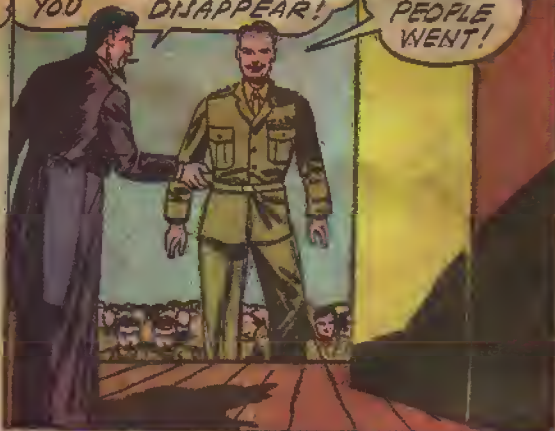


GENERAL WILDRICK -- HE'S SLATED TO COMMAND THE INVASION THIS SPRING, I HEAR!



NOW, GENERAL, IF YOU WILL STEP INTO THE MAGIC ENCLOSURE, WE WILL TRY TO MAKE YOU DISAPPEAR!

HA! HA -- I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO KNOW WHERE PEOPLE WENT!



THEN, THE MAGICIAN TURNS TO THE AUDIENCE AND COMMANDS...

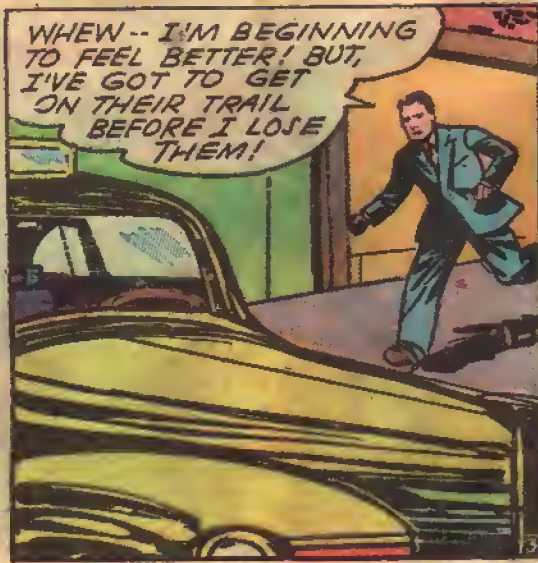
YOU ARE ASLEEP!
YOU SEE NOTHING!
YOU CANNOT MOVE!
YOU WILL REMEMBER NOTHING!



HAVE-TO PULL-OUT OF-THIS! HAVE-TO-STOP-HIM! HE'S GOING-TO KIDNAP-GENERAL!



ONLY MR. REE FIGHTS THE STRANGE HYPNOTIC INFLUENCE!



IN A NEARBY COFFEE SHOP...

HEY, TILLIE, ANOTHER CUP OF -- HEY! SOMEONE'S SWIPIN' MY CAB!

HEY YOU!
COME BACK
HERE! POLICE!

MINUTES LATER - AT THE WATER-FRONT.

GET HIM INSIDE--
THERE'S A CAR
COMING!

AW, TAKE IT
EASY! THAT'S
ONLY A CAB--
SEE THE
RIDIN' LIGHTS?

BUT, AS THE TAXI
PULLS UP --

THIS IS THE PLACE--
THAT'S THEIR CAR!
I HOPE I'M NOT
WALKING INTO A TRAP
BUT I'VE GOT
TO TAKE
THAT CHANCE!

MM-- THEY MUST
BE IN THERE!
I'D BETTER MAKE
SURE MY GUN
IS LOADED
BEFORE...

OKAY, WISE-GUY! WELL, IF
IT AIN'T THE GREAT
MR. REE! WHAT A
PUSHOVER HE
TURNED OUT
TO BE!

UGH!

WE'VE GOT A
CALLER, BOSS--
WHAT D'YA
WANT T'DO
WITH HIM?

CHAIN HIM UP
AND Toss HIM
INTO THE
RIVER!

WANT
ME TO
KEEP
ON WORKIN'
ON DIS GUY?

MEANTIME, THE OUTRAGED CAB DRIVER HAS CALLED THE POLICE --

NOW, WHAT'S THE TROUBLE, BUD?

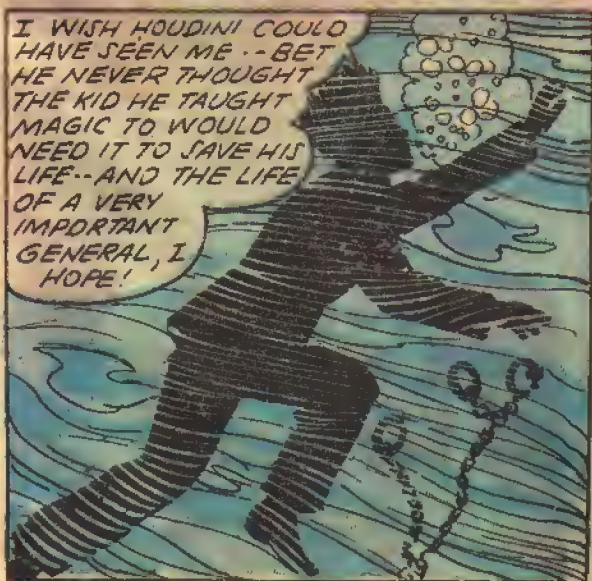
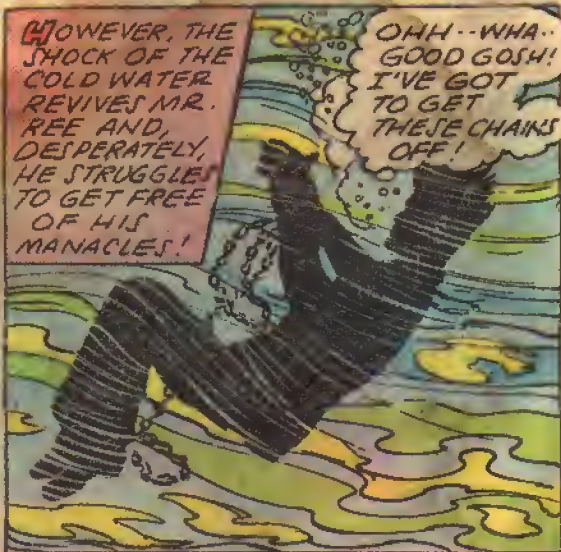
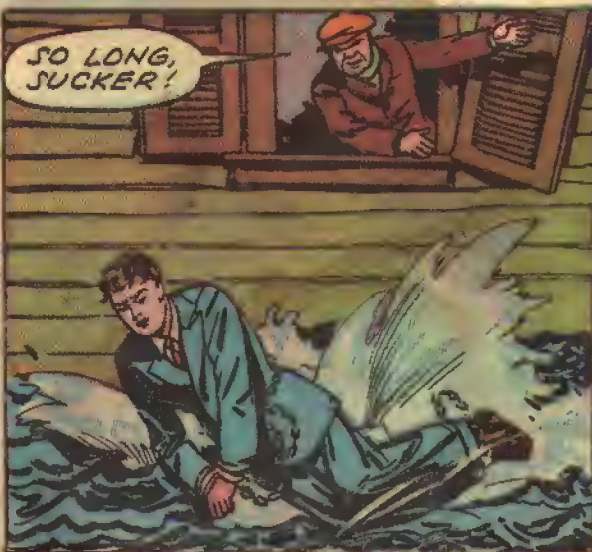
SOME GUY HOPPED INTO MY CAB -- COOL AS ICE -- AND JUST DROVE HIMSELF OFF!

THE LICENSE IS L-32456 AN'...

THAT'S ENOUGH! OKAY, BUD SEND THE ALARM!

BUT -- CAN THEY TRACE THE CAB IN TIME?

HERE GOES -- THESE CHAINS'LL TAKE HIM DOWN LIKE AN ANCHOR!





I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN YOU'D BE SOMEWHERE AROUND THIS TROUBLE!

C'MON, BOYS-- ON THE DOUBLE!



INSIDE-- C'MON, TALK! WHEN DOES THE INVASION START? LOOZEN UP-- OR THIS IS YOUR LAST CHANCE!



THEN-- THIS IS THE END OF YOUR ACT, BOYS!

WHA...

I'LL UGGH!

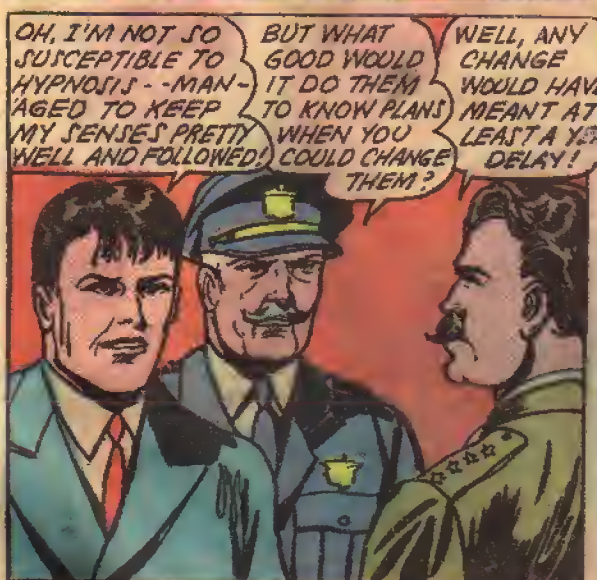


THE BATTLE RAGES FURIOUSLY FOR SEVERAL MINUTES UNTIL MR. REE DELIVERS THE FINISHING TOUCH!



HOPE YOU'RE NOT TOO BADLY HURT, GENERAL-- THAT WAS A PRETTY DARING STUNT!

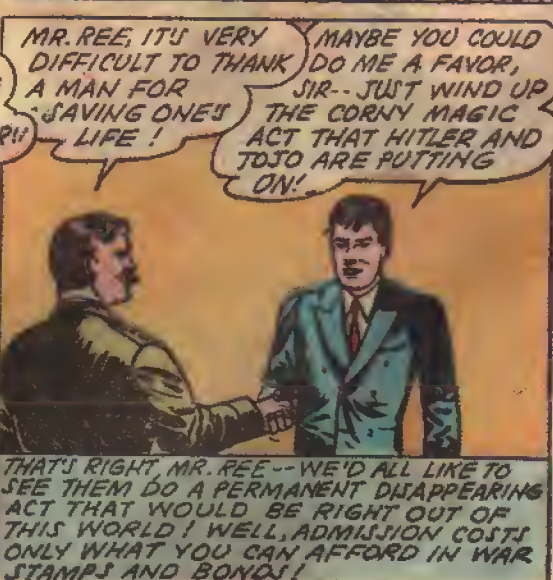
IT'S AMAZING! HOW DID YOU EVER FIND ME?



OH, I'M NOT SO SUSCEPTIBLE TO HYPNOSIS-- MANAGED TO KEEP MY SENSES PRETTY WELL AND FOLLOWED!

BUT WHAT GOOD WOULD IT DO THEM TO KNOW PLANS WHEN YOU COULD CHANGE THEM?

WELL, ANY CHANGE WOULD HAVE MEANT AT LEAST A YEAR'S DELAY!



MR. REE, IT'S VERY DIFFICULT TO THANK A MAN FOR SAVING ONE'S LIFE!

MAYBE YOU COULD DO ME A FAVOR, SIR-- JUST WIND UP THE CORNY MAGIC ACT THAT HITLER AND TOJO ARE PUTTING ON!

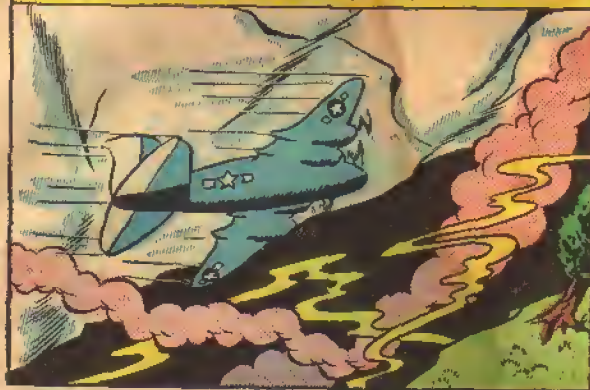
THAT'S RIGHT, MR. REE-- WE'D ALL LIKE TO SEE THEM DO A PERMANENT DISAPPEARING ACT THAT WOULD BE RIGHT OUT OF THIS WORLD! WELL, ADMISSION COSTS! ONLY WHAT YOU CAN AFFORD IN WAR STAMPS AND BONDS!

RED HAWK

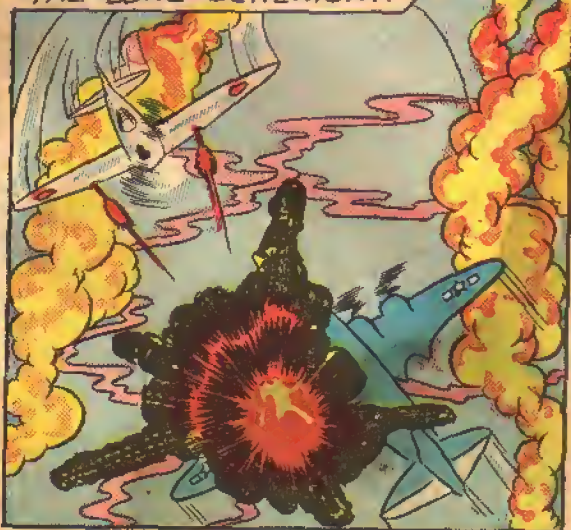
THE SLANT-EYED JAPS WREAK HAVOC WITH THE NEW, GIGANTIC BEHEMOTH CARGO PLANES OF THE ALLIED NATIONS WHICH FLY OUR WAR SUPPLIES OVERSEAS TO OUR FIGHTERS ON A DOZEN FRONTS! ONLY ONE MAN STANDS BETWEEN PERIL AND SUCCESS FOR THE UNITED ALLIES -- MAJOR RED HAWK -- FREE LANCE FIGHTER OF THE SKYWAYS, AND A FULL-BLOODED AMERICAN INDIAN WHO BEATS THE JAPS AT THEIR OWN GAME IN THE VALLEY OF THE 10,000 SMOOKES!



ONE DAY, AS ONE OF OUR LATEST CARGO PLANE'S WINGS ITS WAY ACROSS A CHAIN OF HIGH MOUNTAINS . . .



THE TERRIFYING WHITE GHOST SHIP OF THE SKIES APPEARS TO ATTACK THE LONE BEHEMOTH!



LIEUTENANT GREGORY IN BEHEMOTH X99.. BEING ATTACKED BY JAP GHOST SHIP! MY PLANE'S ON FIRE! I'M BAILING OUT!

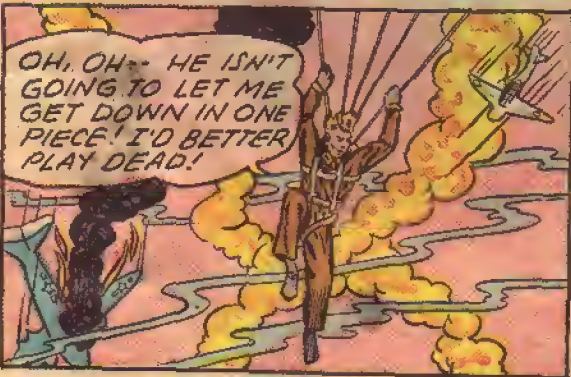


IN AN AMERICAN FIGHTER PLANE AT A NEARBY FIELD --

CAUGHT IT, GREGORY! I'LL BE TAKING OVER PRONTO!

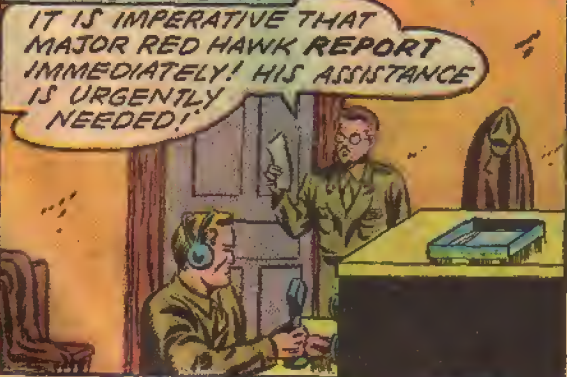


OH, OH-- HE ISN'T GOING TO LET ME GET DOWN IN ONE PIECE! I'D BETTER PLAY DEAD!



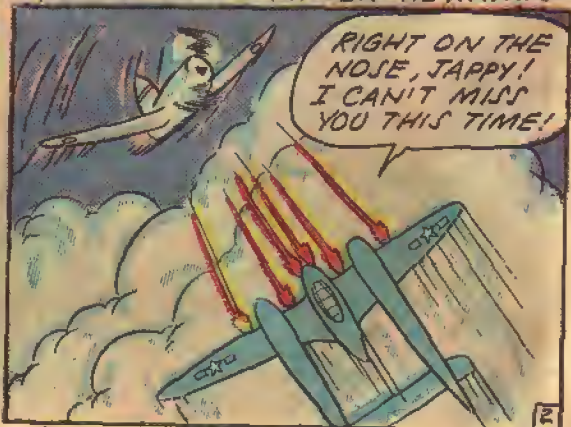
BACK AT X92, TRANSPORT COMMAND THE C.O. IS BUSY.

IT IS IMPERATIVE THAT MAJOR RED HAWK REPORT IMMEDIATELY! HIS ASSISTANCE IS URGENTLY NEEDED!



MEANWHILE, THE AMERICAN FIGHTER PLANE RACES TO INTERCEPT THE STRANGE WHITE RAIDER! HE ATTACKS...

RIGHT ON THE NOSE, JAPPY! I CAN'T MISS YOU THIS TIME!



BUT-- THE LIKE OF THE WHITE GHOST SHIP HAS NEVER BEEN SEEN! THE AMERICAN FLIER CAN SEE NO PILOT IN THE COCKPIT OF THE ENEMY PLANE YET SOME MYSTERIOUS CONTROL LOOSES GREAT CLOUDS OF WHITE VAPOR TO HIDE THE ENEMY AND WILD, EERIE LAUGHTER RINGS THROUGH THE SKIES!



HA HA
HA HO
HO HA
AHA!

I'VE GOT TO PULL UP OR I'LL CRASH INTO THOSE CLIFF WALLS! GOSH-- WHAT HAPPENED?



TOO LATE--



LIEUTENANT GREGORY WATCHES HIS WOULD-BE RESCUER FALL IN FLAMES!

POOR KID! BUT, HOW DID THAT GHOST SHIP ESCAPE? WHAT IS IT?



THE GHOST SHIP LANDS.. AT THAT VERY MOMENT-- AT A SECRET AIRFIELD, HIGH IN THE MOUNTAINS.

FOOLS! MATSUMA IS TOO CLEVER FOR THE AMERICANS! HA! HA! MATSUMA DISAPPEAR!



YOUR HOLLYWOOD STUNT FLYING COME IN HANDY, EH, MATSUMA?

YESS! THAT COB-WEB SPINNING MACHINE I STEAL FROM STUDIO-- THAT LOUD SPEAKER FOR LOUD LAUGH OF ANCESTORS... ISS GOOD TRICK ON AMERICANS!



MATSUMA, WE MUST HAVE MORE GASOLINE FOR GHOSTSHIP!

WELL, SEND ORDER OVER SECRET RADIO AT ONCE!



MATSUMA GOES TO THE HIDDEN RADIO SHACK...

I INTERCEPT MESSAGE
--AMERICANS REQUEST
PRESENCE OF RED
HAWK!

RED HAWK?!
HE IS FOOL,
TOO! I WILL
TRICK HIM!



TWO DAYS LATER, BACK AT THE AMERICAN FIELD BASE...

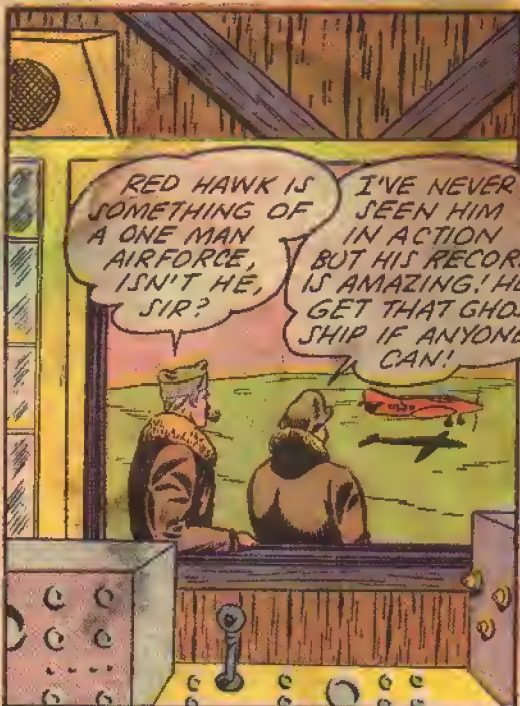
HERE COMES
RED HAWK NOW--
THAT RED PLANE
STANDS OUT LIKE
A BRIGHT
LIGHT!



RED HAWK HEARS THE STRANGE STORY.

...AND THEN THE
GHOST SHIP JUST
DISAPPEARED!

HMM -- WE MUST
SEE THAT HE
DISAPPEARS
FOR EVER!



RED HAWK IS
SOMETHING OF
A ONE MAN
AIRFORCE,
ISN'T HE,
SIR?

I'VE NEVER
SEEN HIM
IN ACTION
BUT HIS RECORD
IS AMAZING! HE'LL
GET THAT GHOST
SHIP IF ANYONE
CAN!



THE FOLLOWING DAY, RED HAWK CARRIES OUT A PLAN TO TRAP THE WILY JAP!

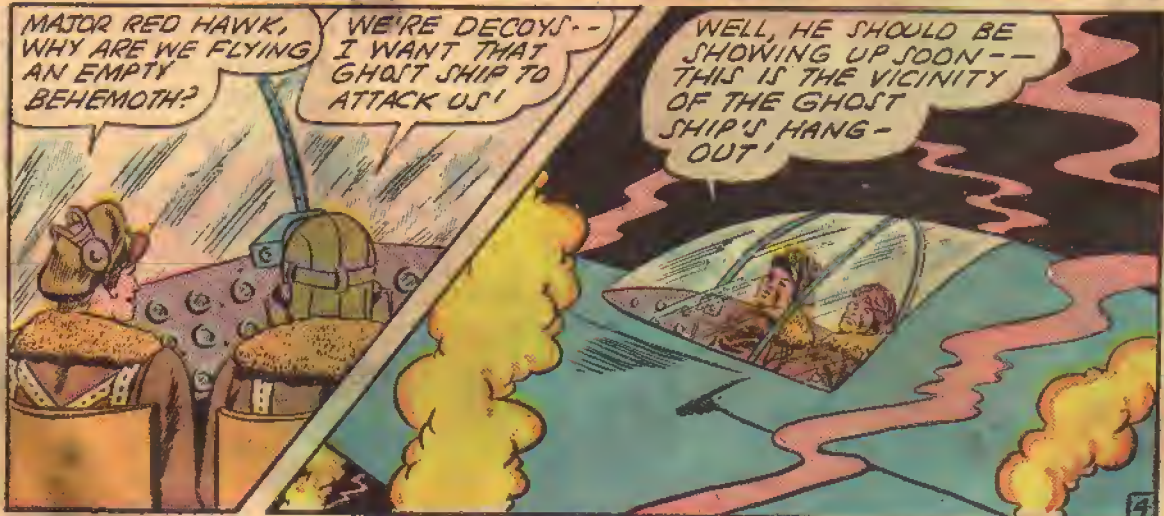
YOU WILL FLY MY PLANE
TO THE VALLEY OF 10,000
SMOKES AND WAIT FOR
ME!



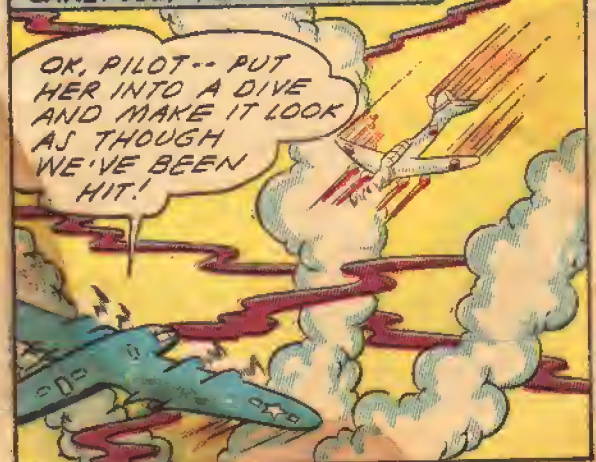
MAJOR RED HAWK,
WHY ARE WE FLYING
AN EMPTY
BEHEMOTH?

WE'RE DECOYS--
I WANT THAT
GHOST SHIP TO
ATTACK US!

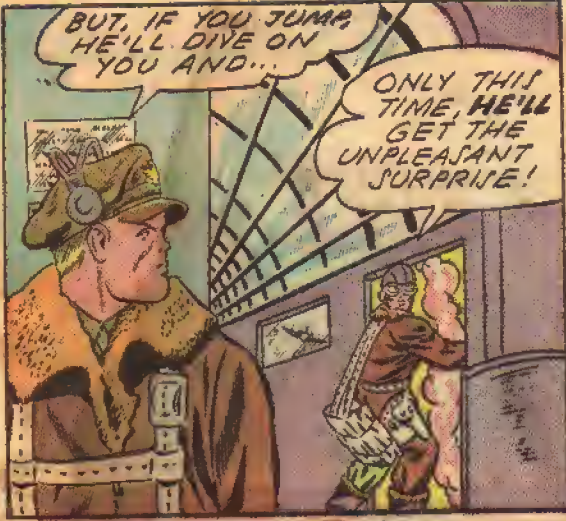
WELL, HE SHOULD BE
SHOWING UP SOON--
THIS IS THE VICINITY
OF THE GHOST
SHIP'S HANG-
OUT!



THE GHOST SHIP FALLS INTO RED HAWK'S CAREFULLY PLANNED TRAP!



OK, PILOT-- PUT HER INTO A DIVE AND MAKE IT LOOK AS THOUGH WE'VE BEEN HIT!

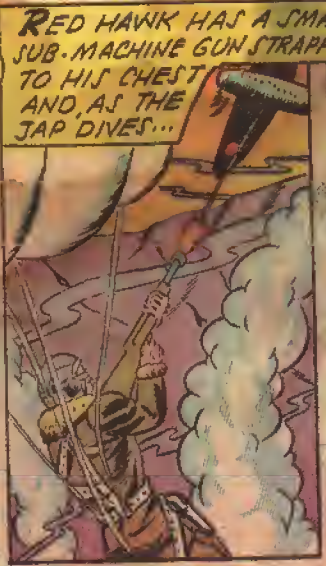


BUT, IF YOU JUMP HE'LL DIVE ON YOU AND...

ONLY THIS TIME, HE'LL GET THE UNPLEASANT SURPRISE!



YES-- HERE HE COMES! LEADING WITH HIS CHIN! GOOD!



RED HAWK HAS A SMALL SUB-MACHINE GUN STRAPPED TO HIS CHEST AND, AS THE JAP DIVES...



I THOUGHT THAT WOULD MAKE HIM TURN TAIL!

NO-- HE'S COMING BACK TO STRAFE US! DUCK!

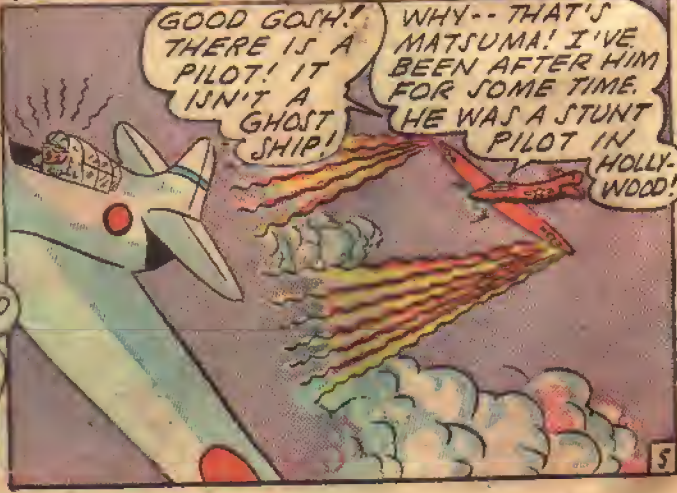
BUT, BEFORE THE JAP CAN DO ANY DAMAGE, RED HAWK HAS TAKEN OFF IN HIS OWN FAST PLANE--



LOOK-- THAT WHITE VAPOR AGAIN, MAJOR!

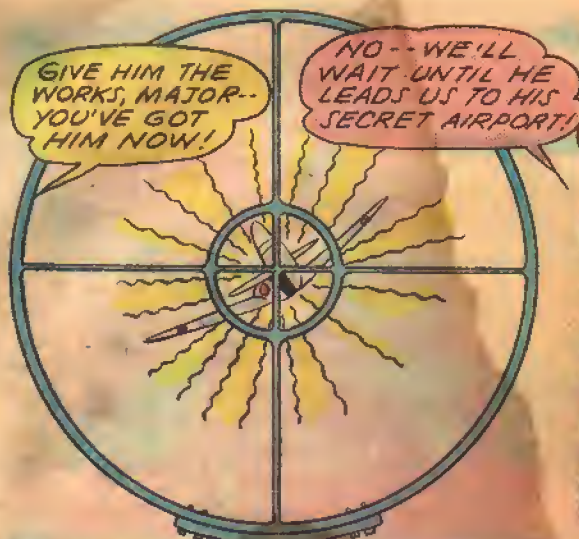
HMM, YES-- SKY WRITER'S OXIDE, I WOULD GUESS! TURN THAT BUTTON IN FRONT OF YOU! IT OPERATES HEAT RAYS FROM THE WING TIPS!

THE HEAT RAYS GENERATE 3000 DEGREES FAHRENHEIT AND PENETRATE THE SCREENING FOG OF THE GHOST SHIP BY EVAPORATING THE MOISTURE CONTENT!



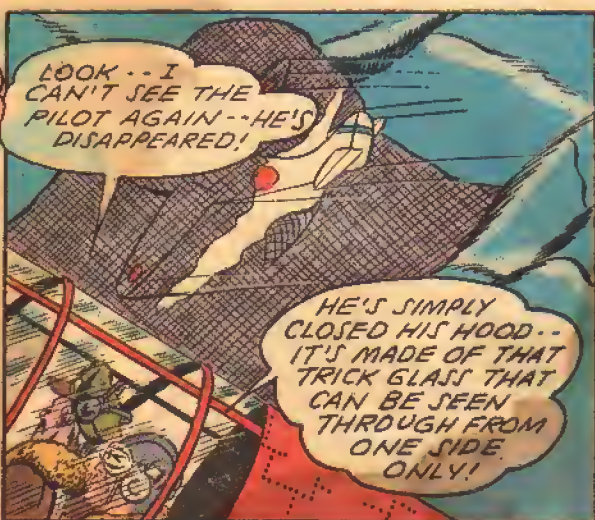
GOOD GOSH! THERE IS A PILOT! IT ISN'T A GHOST SHIP!

WHY-- THAT'S MATSUMA! I'VE BEEN AFTER HIM FOR SOME TIME. HE WAS A STUNT PILOT IN HOLLYWOOD!



GIVE HIM THE WORKS, MAJOR-- YOU'VE GOT HIM NOW!

NO-- WE'LL WAIT UNTIL HE LEADS US TO HIS SECRET AIRPORT!



LOOK-- I CAN'T SEE THE PILOT AGAIN-- HE'S DISAPPEARED!

HE'S SIMPLY CLOSED HIS HOOD-- IT'S MADE OF THAT TRICK GLASS THAT CAN BE SEEN THROUGH FROM ONE SIDE ONLY!



THE JAP LEADS RED-HAWK RIGHT INTO HIS SECRET BASE!



HERE'S THE PAY-OFF! WE'VE GOT THEM TRAPPED! LOOK OUT FOR LOOSE LEAD AND HOLD TIGHT!



HURRY, MAJOR-- LET 'EM HAVE IT!

I-I CAN'T! THE GUNS ARE JAMMED!

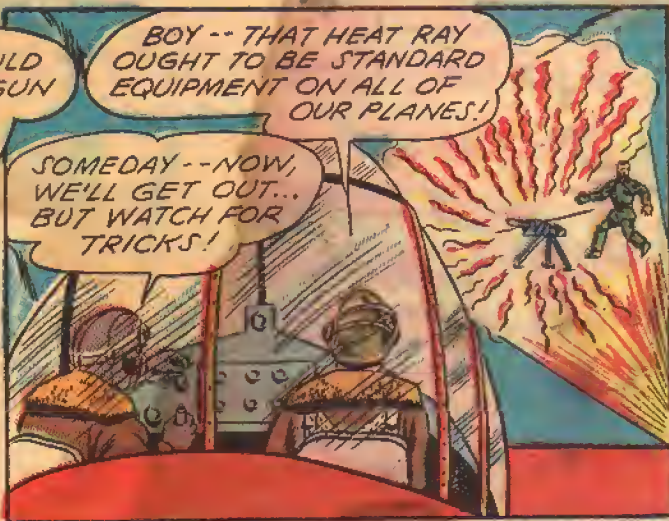
TREACHEROUS MATSUMA PREPARES A GREETING FOR RED HAWK!

NOW I RID THE WORLD OF RED HAWK-- A MENACE TO OUR GREAT PLANS ONCE TOO OFTEN!



OH GOSH-- WE'RE DEAD DUCKS!

NOT YET! THE HEAT RAY WILL GET US OUT OF THIS JAM!



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The Amazing NEW Abdominal Supporter



**MAKE THIS TEST →
WITH YOUR OWN HANDS
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I. C. McG.
St. Paul, Minn.

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J. N.
Fort Knox, Ky.

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My waist measure..... My height is.....
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Wear COMMANDER ONLY ten days FREE. If it fails to do all we say, send it back and the purchase price will be promptly refunded.

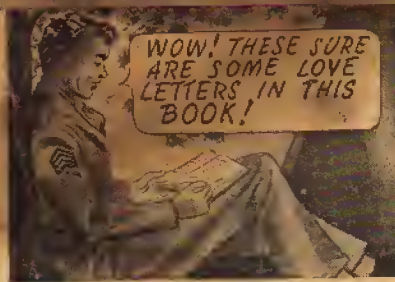
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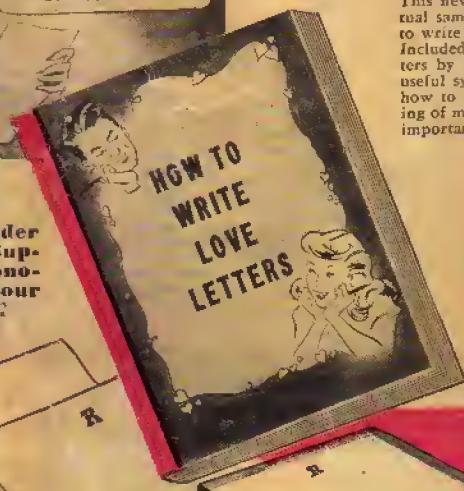
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